



The Orchestre at Vauxhall.



J. Lodge sculp.

THE *11621 and*
WARBLERS DELIGHT: *25*

O. R.,
ENGLISH HARMONY. *18*

BEING

A Select Collection of the most Favourite
SONGS, DUETS, CATCHES, AIRS,
and CANTATAS,

That have been Sung by

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Mr. CHAMPNESS	Miss BRENT	Miss POPE
Mr. TENDUCCI	Mrs MATTOCKS	Miss POITIER
Mr. SHUTER	Miss YOUNG	AND
M. DODD	Miss WRIGHT	OTHERS,

AT THE

THEATRES, RANELAGH, VAUXHALL,
MARYBONE, and other Public Places of
Entertainment, Private Concerts, &c.

L O N D O N :

Printed for F. NEWBERRY, at the Crown, in Pater-
noster-Row.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]





T H E

WARBLERS DELIGHT.

A favorite Scotch Ballad, sung by Miss Wright,
at Vauxhall.

THROUGH THE WOOD LADDIE.

SANDY, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn;
Thy presence could ease me,
When naething can please me:
Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
Or through the Wood Laddie, until thou return.
Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are
clear,
While lav'rocks are singing,
And primroses springing,
Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
When thro' the Wood Laddie ye dinna appear.
That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell,
I'm fast'd with their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning,
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the Wood Laddie I wander my sell.

B

Then

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
 When thro' the Wood Laddie, we'll dance, sing,
 and play.

Sung by Miss Wright, in Daphne and Amyntor.

SAY, Oh! too lovely creature,
 Thou cause of all my smart;
 What means this palpitation
 Without a feeling heart.

There's conjuration in it:
 It ceases——Then, in a minute,
 Such napping,
 Such tapping,
 As if it ne'er would rest;
 Mine too, I vow,
 I can't tell how,
 Is like to burst my breast.

Sung by Miss Wright, in Daphne and Amyntor.

IN vain, in search of quiet,
 From place to place I range;
 My restless care augmenting,
 No med'cine find in change,

Delight

(3)
Delights so lately charming,
Have lost their pow'r to please :
Yet something, could I find it,
Methinks would give me ease.

Thro' the Wood Lassie, or Sawney's Return.

O H! Nelly, no longer thy Sawney now
mourn,
Let music and pleasure,
Abound without measure :
On hillocks and mountains, or low in the burn,
Or thro' the wood, lassie, sing Sawney's return,
Or thro' the wood, &c.

Since I have been absent from thee, my dear Nell,
No content, no delight,
Have I known day or night,
The murmuring streams, and the hills echo tell,
How thro' the wood, lassie, I breath'd my sad
knell,

Thro' the wood, &c.

But now to all sorrow I bid a full dieu,
And with joy like the dove,
I'm return'd to my love :
The maxim of loving in truth let's pursue,
Then thro' the wood, lassie, we'll bonnily go,
Thro' the wood, &c.

Come lads, and come lasses, be blithsome and gay,
 Let your hearts merry be,
 And your pipes full of glee :
 The highlands shall ring with the joys of the day,
 While thro' the wood, happy, we dance sing
 and play.

Thro' the wood, &c.

The JUDICIOUS CHOICE.

By Mr. Fawcett, at Richmond.

A Beautiful face, and a form without fault,
 Are not the attractions by which I am
 caught,

Are not the Attractions, &c.

Good nature, good sense, and an honest free
 mind,

Are perfections in woman to which I'm inclin'd,
 Are perfections, &c.

For a time beauty charms, but so certain is age,
 That who with a beauty alone wou'd engage,
 Since time surely dulls the brightest of eyes,
 And a face is a flow'r that blossoms and dies.

Then Venus begone with your poor empty joys,
 Which like syrens do pierce, and like syrens
 destroy ;

Come friendship and sense, and chuse me a wife,
 And I'll love her, and bless her, each day of
 my life.

The

The THRUSH.

Sung by Miss Wright, at Vauxhall.

SWEET Thrush, that makes the vernal year,
 Sweeter than Flora can appear :
 As Philomel attends thy lay,
 She envies the return of day.
 The tuneful lyre and swelling flute,
 At thy rich warbling shall be mute :
 Vocal minstrel, thy soft lay
 Treasures up and ends the May.

Hark ! how the blackbird woos his love
 The skill'd musician of the grove ;
 On thorn, as perch'd, he nobly sings,
 A cadence for the ear of kings :
 Sublime and soft, gay and serene,
 A virginal to hail a queen ;
 Nature's music thus improves,
 All the graces and the loves.

The LILLY of the VALE.

By Mr. Hudson, at Ranelagh.

THE fragrant lilly of the vale,
 So elegantly fair ;
 Whose sweets perfume the fanning gale,
 To Chloe I compare :
 What tho' on earth it lowly grows,
 And strives its head to hide ;
 Its sweetness far outvies the rose,
 That flaunts with so much pride.

The costly tulip owes its hue
 To many a gaudy stain ;
 In this we view the virgin white,
 Of innocence remain.
 See how the curious florist's hand
 Uprears its humble head ;
 And to preserve the charming flow'r,
 Transplants it to his bed.
 There, while it sheds its sweets around,
 How shines each modest grace ;
 Enraptur'd how its owner stands,
 To view its lovely face.
 But pray, my Chloe, now observe,
 The inference of my tale,
 May I the florist be, and thou
 My lilly of the vale.

O F Y E for S H A M E.

By Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

AS thro' the grove I chanc'd to stray,
 I met young Phillis on her way ;
 I flew like light'ning to her arms,
 And gaz'd in rapture on her charms :
 Her looks reveal'd a modest flame,
 But still she cry'd, O fye for shame !
 Her looks reveal'd a modest flame,
 But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

With eager haste I stole a kiss,
 Which blushing Phillis took amiss ;

She

She push'd me from her with a frown,
 And call'd me bold presuming clown;
 While I confess'd myself to blame,
 But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

In tender sighs I told my love,
 And pledg'd my faith on things above;
 But she like all her sex was shy,
 And tho' I swore, would not comply:
 Yet I perceiv'd she met my flame,
 But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

When this I saw, I quickly cry'd,
 Will lovely Phillis be a bride;
 But hark! I hear the tinkling bell,
 To church let's go, it pleas'd her well:
 And soon a kind compliance came,
 But still she cry'd, O! fye for shame.

Now Hymen's band have made us one,
 Tho' joys we taste to few are known;
 No jealous fears our bosoms move,
 For constant each, we truly love:
 She now declares I'm not to blame,
 Nor longer cries, O! fye for shame.

PATTY of the MILL.

By Mr. Hudson, at Ranelagh.

FAR sweeter than the hawthorn bloom,
 Whose fragrance sheds a rich perfume,
 And all the meadows fill;
 Much fairer than the lilly blows,
 More lovely than the blushing rose,
 Is Patty of the mill.

She The

The neighb'ring swains her beauty fir'd,
 With wonder struck, they all admir'd,
 And prais'd her from the hill :
 Each strove with all his rustic art,
 To sooth and charm the honest heart
 Of Patty of the mill.

But vain were all attempts to move
 A fixed heart, more true to love,
 Than turtles when they bill.
 A chearful soul, a pleasing grace,
 And sweet content smiles in the face,
 Of Patty of the mill.

The good a friend in fortune find,
 Exalts the honest virtuous mind,
 And guards it from all ill :
 Ye fair for ever constant prove,
 Be ever kind, be true to love,
 Like Patty of the mill.

The A D V I C E.

By Miss Wright, at Vauxhall.

THE winter its desolate train,
 Of frost and of tempest may bring ;
 Yet Flora steps forward again,
 And nature revives in the spring.
 Tho' the sun in his glory's decreas'd,
 Of his beams in the ev'ning is shorn ;
 Yet he rises with joy in the east,
 And repairs them again in the morn.

But

But what can youth's sunshine recall,
 Or the blossoms of beauty restore?
 When its leaves are beginning to fall,
 It dies and is heard of no more:
 The spring-time of love then employ,
 'Tis a lesson that's easy to learn;
 For Cupid's a vagrant, a boy,
 And his season will never return.

THE BRITISH FAIR.

By Miss Wright, at Vauxhall.

PHOEBUS meaner themes disdaining,
 To the lyrist's call repair;
 And the strings to rapture straining,
 Come and praise the British Fair.

Chiefs throughout the land victorious,
 Born to conquer and to spare;
 Were not gallant, were not glorious,
 Till commanded by the fair.

All the works of worth or merit,
 Which the sons of art prepare,
 Have no pleasure, life, or spirit,
 But as borrow'd from the fair.

Reason is as weak as passion,
 But if you for truth declare,
 Worth and manhood are the fashion,
 Favour'd by the British Fair.

Advice

Advice to the L A D I E S.
By Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

YE nymphs and ye shepherds that join in
the throng,
Pray tarry a while, and attend to my song,
Pray tarry a while, &c.
The story, tho' simple, is true that I tell,
I hope it will please you all wonderful well.
Wonderful well, &c.

I went t'other day, to a wake on the green,
And met with a lass, fair as beauty's gay queen;
I ask'd for a kiss, but the damsel cry'd 'no,'
And struggled and frown'd, and said, 'pray
let me go.'

I tenderly cry'd, Phillis don't be a prude;
But still she return'd, 'I'll cry out if you're
rude;'
The more that I press'd her, the more she
cry'd 'no'
And struggled and frown'd, and said, 'pray
let me go.'

I found no entreaties would make her comply,
Whenever I touch'd her, 'twas fye, Collin fye!
So I sent for a parson, and made her my wife,
And now I am welcome to kiss her for life.

Ye virgins that hear, learn example from this,
Take care how too freely you part with a kiss;
Conceal for a time all the favours you can,
For that's the best way to make sure of your
man.

THYR

T H Y R S I S and L A U R A.

By Mr. Fawcett, and Miss Slack, at Richmond,

SEE nature sheds her sweets around,
And fragrant violets deck the ground;
And warbling birds do sweetly sing,
And tune their notes to hail the spring:
And warbling birds, &c.

Then haste, my fair one, haste away,
Let us like them enjoy the May.
Let us, &c.

L A U R A.

Your pleasing form, and artful tale,
Which can o'er any heart prevail;
Wou'd only to my ruin prove,
If Hymen do not crown our love.
Fair virtue's dictates I'll obey,
Tho' love and you, say taste the May,

T H Y R S I S.

Behold, my fair, yon turtle dove,
With what delight she meets her love;
No Bands, their mutual fondness cloy,
Restraint, but weakens every joy;
They never yield to Hymen's sway,
But live and frolick in the May.

L A U R A.

Should we, from them, example take,
And trust our fame to every rake;
Ye Swains might boast despotic rules,
And we be nature's only fools,
When bound by Hymen's bands, I'll stray,
And with my shepherd hail the May.

T H Y R.

H Y R

T H Y R S I S.

Adieu to roving, or the fair;
 No more, both blessings must I share;
 But I my Laura will not lose,
 The charming maid, alone I chuse:
 Then haste to church, without delay,
 Where love and Laura crown the May.

L A U R A.

No more shall swains, your conduct blame,
 Th' inconstant Damon did the same;
 He for Pastora felt the fire,
 Nor scorn'd to own his chaste desire;
 United now, joy crowns each day,
 And every month to them is May.

Ye Shepherds from your nymphs ne'er rove,
 Ye Fair ne'er trust the swain ye love;
 But if you real joys would claim,
 Let Hymen crown the gen'rous flame,
 Let Hymen crown, &c.
 Then then with joy you'll sport and play,
 And revel in the sweets of May,
 And revel, &c.

The J E S T.

By Mr. Smith, at Richmond.

YOUNG Jenny, the blytheft that dwelt on
 the plain,
 Or trip'd it each morn on the green,
 Unwounded around her scarce liv'd there a
 Swain,
 So winning, so graceful her mien.
 So winning, &c.

In vain did each Shepherd his passion declare,
 Unmelted the ice in her breast,
 For oft as they breath'd out their anguish the
 Fair,

Reply'd, that all love was a jest.

Reply'd, that all love, &c.

Young Jockey's a youth that could die and
 adore,

In language averse to his heart,
 Who'd prove false and inconstant as oft as he
 swore,

So perfectly skill'd in his art.

With soft protestations approach'd the coy maid,
 And sighing his passion exprest,

But she yet unmov'd by ought that he said,

Reply'd that all love was a jest.

Dear Jenny, return'd he, my vows are sincere,

Nay read but the flames in my eyes,

The arrows of Cupid are strangely severe,

Then do not his godhead despise.

He told her besides at her feet he would die,

With all that his art could suggest;

At which the young Shepherdess mov'd with a
 sigh,

Cries Jockey, but do you not jest.

Quite conquer'd at last she could triumph no
 more,

But frankly yield up to the swain,

Not doubting her lover would always adore,

The charms he had labour'd to gain :

Severe were the arrows of Cupid too true,
 She now felt the wound in her breast,
 Then forth from the damsel the run-away flew,
 With i' faith I but meant it in jest.

Fair L A U R A.
 Sung by Mr. Gilson.

WHEN lately I offer'd fair Laura to kifs,
 She flew'd and she flouted and took it
 amifs,

Begone, you great booby, she cry'd, with a frown,
 Do you think that I want to be kifs'd by a
 clown.

Be gone you great booby, &c.

Thus spoke the proud charmer, and view'd
 me all round,
 With an eye of disdain, and thrice spit on the
 ground;
 Then mimick'd my voice with satirical sneer,
 And sent me away with a flea in my ear.

The girls of the village, if they had their
 wills,
 Would kifs me, and prefs me, to stay on the hills;
 They say that I'm fair, but this minx of the
 town,

Refus'd my sweet kisses, and call'd me a clown.

Sure, sure she forgot, or perhaps did not
 know,

That Bacchus fed herds in the valley below;
 That beauty's fair queen fell in love with a
 swain,

And help'd him his cattle to tend on the plain.
 Yet

Yet Laura disdains me, nor lists to my vow,
 Say, is she more lovely, then Venus I'd know?
 May she never find sweethearts in city or plain,
 But lie always alone, yet still wishing in vain.

The CONFESSION.

By Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

BY the side of a stream, at the foot of a hill,
 I met with young Phœbe, who lives at the mill,

I met with young Phœbe, &c.

My heart leapt with joy, at so pleasing a sight,
 For Phœbe, I vow, is my only delight.

My only delight, &c.

I told her my love, and sat down by her side,
 And swore the next morning I'd make her my
 bride ;

In anger she said, get you out of my sight,
 And go to your Phillis you met here last night.

Surpriz'd ! I reply'd, pray explain what you
 mean,

I never, I vow, with young Phillis was seen ;

Nor can I conceive what my Phœbe is at.

O can't you, she cry'd, well I love you for that.

Say, did you not meet her last night on this
 spot?

O Collin, O Collin, you can't have forgot :

I heard the whole story this morning from Mat ;

You still may deny it, I love you for that.

'Tis false, I reply'd, dearest Phœbe, believe,
 For Mat is a rover, and means to deceive,
 You very well know he has ruin'd young Pat,
 And sure, my dear charmer, must hate him for
 that.

Come, come, then she cry'd, if you mean
 to be kind,
 I'll own 'twas to know the true state of your
 mind ;
 Transported I kiss'd her, she gave me a pat,
 I made her my wife, and she loves me for that.

The R O V E R Reclaimed.

By Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

I Rambled about a twelvemonth I vow,
 In search of a damsel for life ;
 For roving perplext me, I could not tell how,
 So ventur'd at last on a wife.
 For roving perplext me, &c.

The girls of the town, each rake must well
 know,

Imbitter the pleasures of life ;
 For evils on evils will constantly flow,
 And make us all wish for a wife.

A mistress, 'tis true, that's youthful and gay,
 May sweeten the troubles of life ;
 And while she is constant, drive sorrow away,
 But what is all this to a wife ?

In

In wedlock alone true pleasure we find,
 To gild the rough passage thro' life ;
 Then chuse out a lass with a delicate mind,
 And make the dear charmer a wife.
 And you, O ye fair, be kind to the man,
 Who offers to bless you for life ;
 Be constant and true, and as fond as you can,
 For these are the charms of a wife.

JOCKEY and JENNY.

By Miss Brent, at Vauxhall.

HApless lovers who sue in vain,
 Whose hearts are frozen with cold disdain,
 Learn of Jockey, love's pleasing art,
 To quell a beauty's insolence, and melt her heart.

He, like you, wou'd sigh and pine,
 From Phœbus rise, to his decline ;
 I deny'd. and reply'd with scornful brow,
 Ah! Jockey 'twill not do, prithee, prithee,
 leave me now.

Gazing, advancing, his eyes love darting,
 Jenny, said he, one kiss at parting ;
 Clasping then my slender waste,
 With eager arms he me embrac'd.

Kiss'd me, call'd on Heaven above,
 To record, his constant love ;
 Partially I ey'd him, faintly deny'd him,
 My Tongue bely'd my heart,
 His shape, his face, and manly grace,
 Strongly took my lover's part.

I his suit approving, he my doubts removing,
With ardor reply'd, I fly to bring the wedding,
wedding ring ;
Lovely Jenny is my bride, hopeless lovers mind
what I sing,
No cure for disdain, like a kiss and a ring.

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR,

Sung by Mr. Gilson.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair :
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
Because another's blooming are.
Shall I wasting, &c.

Blooming as the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she thinks not well of me,
What care I how fair she be.
If she thinks, &c.

Shall a woman's goodness move,
Me to perish for her love;
Or her worthy merits known,
Make me quite forget my own;
Be she meeker, kinder than
The turtle dove, or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be.

ing,
 ling,
 ind
 .
 Be she good, or kind, or fair,
 will never more despair,
 If she love me, this believe,
 will die e're she shall grieve;
 If she slight me, when I woo,
 will scorn, and let her go,
 If she be not made for me,
 What care I for whom she be.

C O N T E N T.

By Mr. Fawcett, at Ranelagh.

O'ER moor-lands and mountains, rude,
 barren and bare,
 As wearied and wilder'd I roam,
 A gentle young Shepherdess sees my despair,
 And leads me o'er lawns to her home,
 And leads, &c.
 Yellow sheafs from rich Ceres her cottage had
 crown'd;
 Green rushes were strew'd on her floor;
 Her casement, sweet woodbines crept wantonly
 round,
 And deck'd the sod seats at her door.
 We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
 Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best;
 Whilst thrown from my guard, by some glances
 she cast,
 Love slyly stole into my breast:
 I told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd,
 (Ye virgins her voice was divine,)
 I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
 Yet take me fond Shepherd, I'm thine.

Her

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
 So simple, tho' sweet were her charms ;
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
 And lock'd the dear Maid in my arms :
 Now jocund together we tend a few sheep ;
 And if on the banks, by the stream,
 Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
 Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views ;
 Or rest on the rock, whence the stream let distills,
 And mark out new themes for my muse :
 To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
 The damsel's of humble descent ;
 The cottager peace is well known for her fire,
 The shepherds have nam'd her content.

F L I R T I L L A.

By Mr. Gilson, at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Damon perceiving Flirtilla pass by,
 Like lightning to kiss her he flew,
 But she with a struggle and frown made reply,
 I vow I'll cry out if you do.
 But she with a struggle, &c.

For shou'd my mamma, who is in the next
 room

But hear you, she'll cause you to rue ;
 She'll forbid you the house, then do not presume,
 I vow I'll cry out if you do.

But

But Damon was not to be terrify'd so,
 All women lov'd kissing he knew,
 When he offer'd again, 'twas pray let me go,
 vow I'll cry out if you do.

The youth by resistance was still more in-
 flam'd,
 And kisses he stole not a few,
 This rudeness forbear, Sir, she softly reply'd,
 vow I'll cry out if you do.

Thus flush'd with success, like a woman at
 whist,
 The resolute youth bolder grew ;
 But still she made answer, I will not be kiss'd,
 vow I'll cry out if you do.

Then Damon resolv'd his last efforts to strike,
 And soon made the damsel come to ;
 She sigh'd and reply'd, you may take what you
 like,
 I will not cry out if you do.

O D E to V E N U S.

By Miss Young.

L Ovely Venus, Goddess bright,
 Fairer than meridian light ;
 To thy votry's suit attend,
 As a goddess be a friend,
 As a goddess, &c.
 Strephon, thy peculiar care,
 Thou hast made divinely fair,
 Modesty and heavenly truth,
 Form the gen'rous blooming youth.

In

In each grace you see him move,
 Like the very god of love :
 Hear then Venus, hear my pray'r,
 Strephon shall my passion share.

Then with love the youth inspire,
 Raise his soul to soft desire ;
 And let the happy object be,
 The nymph who now addresses thee.

Dear WILLY.

By Miss Davis, at Marybone Gardens.

LONG time I despair'd a young shepherd
 to find,
 Nor proud of his merit, nor false as the wind,
 But at last I have found a dear lad to my mind;
 Oh ! I never can part with my Willy.

We hy'd to the altar last midsummer day,
 I blush'd all the while and scarce knew what to
 say :

But I vow'd (I remember) to love and obey,
 Can I do any less by my Willy ?

His breath is as fragrant as fresh morning air,
 His face than the rose is more ruddy I swear,
 And his kisses as sweet, oh ! beyond all compare,
 There is not such a lad as my Willy.

With him none pretends for to pipe or to play,
 And what tender soft things does the shepherd
 not say,

With

With ease I am sure he may steal hearts away,
 But I'll never distrust the dear Willy.

When I droop'd all in pain, and I hung down
 my head,

How kindly he watch'd me, what tears has he
 shed,

He ne'er left me a moment 'till sickness was fled,
 Can I ever forget thee, dear Willy?

Shou'd death from my sight tear the shepherd
 so true,

Let him take (if he chuses) then me away too:

For why shou'd I tarry, or what cou'd I do,

Shou'd I lose such a lad as my Willy?

A new Truce with BACCHUS and VENUS.

By Mr. Lowe, at Marybone Gardens.

The Words by W. W.

MYSELF between Venus and Bacchus I'll
 poise,

And 'twixt their two scales fix my balance of joys;

'Tis true, they both have their charms when
 apart,

But blended, they double the heat of my heart.

With rage on his brow, and contempt in his eye,
 Bacchus throws down his cluster, and gives me
 the lye;

No female, says he, shall partake of my throne,
 A rival I hate, and I'll govern alone.

Dear

Dear Venus in turn her dominion maintains
 Asserts her controul o'er the nymphs and the
 swains,

Upbraids me for kneeling at Bacchus's shrine,
 And strictly forbids me the juice of the vine.

One scolds me, because I am fond of the bowl
 The other, 'cause woman shares half of my soul
 I boldly declare, for all projects I've try'd,
 No mortal his pastime can better divide.

Why then let 'em wrangle, what is it to me
 I warrant my conduct shall make 'em agree ;
 As one to prefer to the other I'm loth,
 I'll love, and I'll drink, and be pleasing to both

DAMON and PHILLIS, a Pastoral Dialogue.

By Mr. Lowe and Miss Davis, at Marybone
 Gardens.

DAMON.

HOW fierce is the sun,
 Haste Phillis let's run,
 To shelter a while in the grove,
 Young Cupid reigns there,
 And I'll please thee, my fair,
 By telling thee stories of love.

PHILLIS.

I tell you, young swain,
 You attack me in vain,
 Too fatal the going might prove ;

For many a poor maid,
Has there been betray'd,
By list'ning to stories of love.

D A M O N.

When passion's sincere,
There's no danger to fear,
The spring-tide of beauty improve;
Nor let it be said,
Phillis died an old maid,
Averse to the raptures of love.

P H I L L I S.

To hear the soft sigh,
See the soul-speaking eye,
A nymph can't perhaps disapprove,
It may flatter her pride,
But if reason's her guide,
She makes honour attendant on love.

D A M O N.

'Tis with honour I burn,
Yet for mutual return,
With Phillis how vainly I've strove,
See our flocks how they join,
'Tis an omen divine
Portending compliance and love.

P H I L L I S.

O Damon, I find,
My poor heart seems inclin'd,
The test of your passion to prove,

D

DAMON

D A M O N.

Then be Hymen our guide,
 Be the nuptial knot tied,
 And let wedlock give sanction to love.

When love's gentle fire,
 Enkindles desire,
 Suppress the wild maxim to rove,
 Let the nymph and the youth,
 Plight their honour and truth,
 And be happy in virtue and love.

A Favourite C A N T A T A,
 Sung by Miss Brent, at Vauxhall.
 Composed by Dr. Arne.

R E C I T A T I V E.

O Damon, still you strive in vain,
 Clarinda's fix'd resolve to move:
 My heart, alas! may feel the pain,
 But justly scorns the guilt of love.

A I R.

Is this, ye powers, this boasted flame?
 O say, is this his only end?
 And can his love destroy the fame,
 His truth and honour should defend.
 O for a thought so meanly base,
 Th'ungenerous youth shall surely find,
 The heart that could admire his face,
 Can still detest him for his mind.

The

The INVITATION.

By Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

COME, Laura, and meet your fond swain,
 E're Phœbus declines to the west,
 Nor let me still languish in pain,
 Your presence alone makes me blest :
 When absent no pleasure I feel,
 My passions but sicken and die ;
 No power my tortures can heal,
 Unless my dear Laura is by.

Then haste to yon jessamine grove,
 Enjoy what no language can tell ;
 'Tis the seat of contentment and love
 Where peace and tranquillity dwell :
 There cupid our hearts shall unite,
 There Hymen his altar shall raise ;
 The muses sweet songs shall indite,
 And charm the whole grove with their lays.

O think with such pleasures as these,
 How time will glide swiftly away ;
 Each striving the other to please,
 Dull winter shall smile as the May :
 No happiness either will taste,
 But what we both jointly approve ;
 Then hither, dear charmer, O haste,
 And bless a fond swain with your love.

By Mr. Shuter, in The Maid of the Mill.

WH Y how now, Miss pert !
 Do you think to divert
 My anger by fawning and stroking ?

Wou'd you make me a fool,
Your play-thing, your tool?
Was ever young minx so provoking?

Get out of my fight!
'Twould be serving you right,
To lay a sound dose of the lash on;
Contradict your Mamma!
I've a mind by the la—
But I won't put myself in a passion.

By Mr. Dibden, in the Maid of the Mill.

WHEN you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb, and fair in feature,
Full of kindness and good-nature;
Prove as kind again to she.

Happy mortal! to possess her,
In your bosom warm and press her,
Morning, noon, and night, caress her,
And be fond as fond can be.

But if one you meet that's frow-ard,
Saucy, jilting, and untow-ard,
Should you act the whining coward,
'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit.

Nothing's tough enough to bind her;
Then agog when once you find her,
Let her go, and never mind her;
Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

The

The MAID's ADVICE.

By Miss Wearman, at Vauxhall.

Shepherds, would ye hope to please us,

You must ev'ry humour try;

Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,

Sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry.

Soft denials are but trials

Of the heart we wish to gain;

Tho' we're shy, and seem to fly,

If you pursue, we fly in vain.

By Miss Brent, Miss Poitier, and Mr. Beard,
in Comus.

Set by Dr. Arne.

LIVE and love, enjoy the fair;

Banish sorrow, banish care;

Mind not what old dotards say,

Age has had his share of play;

But youth's sport begins to day,

From the fruits of sweet delight,

Let no scare-crow virtue fright;

Here, in pleasure's vineyards we

Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,

Careless, airy, gay, and free.

A HUNTING SONG.

By Mr. Beard, in Apollo and Daphne.

THE sun, from the east tips the mountains
with gold,

And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops
behold.

How the lark's early matin proclaims the new
day,

And the horn's chearful summons rebukes our
delay !

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure
can vie,

While jocund we follow, follow, follow, fol-
low, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, follow, the hounds in
full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his
sport,

And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the
court ;

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence still gives it rest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree ;

The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee ;

The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,

Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with dis-
grace :

With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the soldier hunts fame ;

The Poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;

And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to re-
fuse,

Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Let

Let the bold, and the busy, hunt glory and
wealth,

All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health ;
With hounds and with horns, thro' the wood-
lands to roam,

And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at
home.

With the sports of the field, &c.

By Miss Brent and Miss Hallam, in Love in a
Village.

Miss Brent.

H OPE! thou nurse of young desire,
Fairer promiser of joy,
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate sweet that ne'er can cloy :

Miss Hallam.

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind,
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find :

Both.

Kind deceiver, flatter still ;
Deal out pleasures unpossess ;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make we blest.

By

By Mr. Dunstall, in Love in a Village.

WAS ever poor fellow so plagu'd with a
vixon?

Zawns! Madge, don't provoke me, but
mind what I say;

You've chose a wrong parson for playing your
tricks on,

So pack up your alls and be trudging away:

You'd better be quiet,

And not beed a riot;

S'blood! must I stand prating with you here all
day?

I've got other matters to mind;

Mayhap you may think me an ass;

But to the contrary you'll find:

A fine piece of work by the mass!

By Miss Davies, in Love in a Village.

SINCE Hodge proves ungrateful, no further
I'll seek,

But go up to town in the waggon next week:

A service in London is no such disgrace,

And register's office will get me a place.

Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with a
friend;

Folks say, in her silks she's now standing an
end:

Then why shou'd not I the same maxim pursue,
And better my fortune, as other girls do?

By

By Miss Brent, in Love in a Village.

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
 And so shall be my voice :
 No mortal man shall wed with me,
 Till first he's made my choice.
 Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,
 And children still obey :
 And is there then no saving clause
 Against tyrannic sway ?

By Mr. Dunstall, in Love in a Village.

WELL, well, say no more ;
 So you told me before ;
 I know the full length of my tether.
 Do you think I'm a fool,
 That I need go to school ?
 I can spell you, and put you together.

A word to the wife
 Will always suffice :
 Addsniggers ! go talk to your parrot.
 I'm not such an elf,
 Thof I say't of myself,
 But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.

By Miss Wright, at Ranelagh.

YOUNG Molly, who lives at the foot of
 the hill,
 And whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy does
 fill,
 Of beauty is blest'd with so ample a share,
 That men call her the lass with the delicate air.

One



One ev'ning, last May, when I travers'd the
grove,

In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love,
I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declare ;
And really she'd got a most delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, by a green mossy bed,
A chaplet composing, the fair one was laid :
Surpriz'd and transported, I cou'd not forbear,
With raptures to gaze on her delicate air.

That moment young Cupid selected a dart,
And pierc'd, without pity, my innocent heart :
And from thence, how to win the dear maid
was my care ;

For a captive I fell to her delicate air.

When she saw me she blush'd, and complain'd
was rude,

And begg'd of all things that I would not in-
trude :

I answer'd, I could not tell how I came there,
But laid all the blame on her delicate air ;

Said her heart was the prize which I fought to
obtain,

And hop'd she wou'd grant it to ease my fond
pain.

She neither rejected, nor granted my pray'r,
But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.

A thousand times o'er I've repeated my suit ;
But still the tormentor affects to be mute :

'Then tell me, ye swains, who have conquer'd
the fair,

How to win the dear lass with the delicate air

By Mr. Squibb, in Artaxerxes.

IN infancy our hopes and fears
Were to each other known ;
And friendship, in our riper years,
Has twin'd our hearts in one :
O ! clear him then from this offence ;
Thy love, thy duty, prove ;
Restore him with that innocence
Which first inspir'd my love.

By Miss Brent, in Artaxerxes.

F o'er the cruel tyrant, love,
A conquest I believ'd,
The flatt'ring error cease to prove,
O ! let me be deceiv'd.
Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
Which love did first create ;
What was my pride is now my shame,
And must be turn'd to hate.
Then call not to my wav'ring mind
The weakness of my heart,
Which, ah ! I feel too much inclin'd
To take a traitor's part.

By Miss Brent, in Artaxerxes.

LET not rage, thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove :
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.
Each ungentle thought suspending,
Judge of mine by thy soft breast ;
Nor, with rancour never ending,
Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress.

Let

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove :
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.
 Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
 Ne'er my wretched state can mend ;
 I, alas ! at once have lost
 Father, brother, lover, friend !
 Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove :
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

By Miss Brent, at Ranelagh.

THE gaudy tulip swells with pride,
 And rears its beauties to the sun,
 With heav'n-born tints of Iris' bow ;
 While low the vi'let springs beside.
 As in the shade it strives to shun
 The hand of some rapacious foe.
 Of worth intrinsic, small the store
 That from the tulip can arise,
 When parted from its glowing bed :
 While hid, the vi'let charms the more,
 Like incense in its native skies,
 When cropt to grace the virgin-head.
 Then think, ye fair ones, how these flow'rs
 Are wrought in nature's various robe :
 Where pride declines, and merit thrives,
 Your virgin dignity o'er-pow'rs
 The heroes of the conquer'd globe
 But sweet compliance makes ye wives.

By

The Origin of ENGLISH LIBERTY.

By Mr. Hudson.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast,

Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing ;
Merry momus amongst them was sat as a guest,
(Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing :)

On each in the synod the humourist droll'd,
So none could his jokes disapprove ;
He sung, reparteed, and some smart stories told,
And at last thus began upon Jove.

" Sire ! Atlas, who long has the universe bore,
" Grows grievously tired of late ;

" He says that mankind are much worse than
before,

" So he begs to be eas'd of their weight."
Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was
hurld,

From his shoulders commanded the ball,
Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the
world,

And she hung it up high in his hall.
Mifs, pleas'd with the present, review'd the
globe round,

To see what each climate was worth ;
Like a di'mond, the whole with an atmosphere
bound,

And she variously planted the earth :

E

With

With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd;
 France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear;
 What suited each clime on each clime she bestow'd,

And FREEDOM she found flourish'd here.
 Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
 As guardians to cherish the root;
 The blossoms of LIBERTY 'gan for to smile,
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit:
 Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,
 O preserve it as free as 'twas giv'n.
 We will while we've breath; nay, we'll grasp
 it in death,
 Then return it untainted to heav'n.

BACCHUS and ARIADNE.

A CANTATA. Set by Dr. Arne.

RECITATIVE.

THE faithless Theseus scarce had got on board,
 When Ariadne wak'd, and miss'd her lord:
 Sudden she rose, and to the beach she flew,
 And saw his vessel less'ning to her view;
 She smote her breast; she rav'd, and tore her hair;
 Then, in soft plaints, she vented her despair.

AIR.

Ah! Theseus, Theseus, stay!
 Cease, cease, ye winds to blow!
 Kind Neptune, cease to flow,
 Nor waft my love away!

Ah!

Ah ! whither wilt thou go ?

Could I have serv'd thee so ?

Ah ! Theseus, faithless Theseus, tell me why
You fly from her who gave thee pow'r to fly ?

RECITATIVE.

The jolly God who rules the jovial bowl,
Bacchus, whose Gifts re-animate the soul,
Heard and beheld poor Ariande's grief,
And, gently, thus administer'd relief.

A I R.

Cease, lovely nymph, to weep,

Wipe off that falling tear ;

Though Theseus plough the deep,

You've still a lover here :

I am Bacchus, god of wine,

God of revelry and joy ;

If Ariadne will be mine,

Mirth shall ev'ry hour employ.

Come, Silenus, fill a cup

Of my choicest cordial draught ;

Fill it, man, why fill it up ;

'Twill banish ev'ry gloomy thought :

Fill it higher, to the brink :

Come, my lovely mourner, drink !

RECITATIVE.

With soft reluctance she at last comply'd,

And to her lips the nectar'd cup apply'd :

The potent draught, with more than magic
art,

Flew thro' her veins, and seiz'd her yielding
heart :

In wine ambrosial all her cares were drown'd,
 And with success the jovial god was crown'd:
 While old Silenus, as he reel'd along,
 Thus entertain'd them with his frolic song.

A I R.

Learn hence, ye fond maidens, who droop and
 who pine,
 Learn hence, ye fond lovers, the virtue of
 wine:
 Let the nymph, who's forsaken for one that's
 more fair,
 Take a comforting glass, and 'twill drown all
 despair;
 And let the fond youth who wou'd win the coy
 maid,
 Instead of his Cupid's, seek Bacchus's aid.
 Jolly Bacchus ne'er fails of performing his part:
 Let him gain the head, and you'll soon gain the
 heart.

The T E M P E S T of W A R.

By Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

L E T the tempest of war
 Be heard from afar,
 With trumpets and cannons' alarms:
 Let the brave, if they will,
 By their valour or skill,
 Seek honour and conquest in arms.
 To live safe and retire,
 Is what I desire,
 Of my flocks and my Chloe possess;

For

For in them I obtain
True peace without pain,
And the lasting enjoyment of rest :

In some cottage or cell,
Like a shepherd to dwell,
From all interruption at ease ;
In a peaceable life,
To be blest with a wife,
Who will study her husband to please.

LA MEILLEURE MEDICIN.

SICK of the town, fair Delia flew
To contemplation's rural seat ;
Adieu, she cry'd, vain world, adieu,
Fools only study to be great :

The book, the lamp, the hermit's cell,
The moss-grown roof, the matted floor ;
All these she had—'twas mighty well ;
But yet she wanted something more.

Back to the busy world again
She soon return'd, in hopes to find
Ease for imaginary pain,
Quiet of heart, and peace of mind :

Gay scenes of grandeur ev'ry hour,
By turns her fickle fancy fill ;
The world seem'd all within her pow'r ;
But yet she wanted something still.

Cities and groves by turns were try'd ;
'Twas all, ye fair, an idle tale,
Delia at length became a bride,
A bride to Damon of the vale :

Behold, at once the gloom was clear'd;
 Damon was kind :—and from that hour
 Each place a paradise appear'd,
 And Delia wanted nothing more.

The JOYS of HARVEST.

By Mr. Battishill.

NOW pleasure unbounded resounds o'er
 the plains,
 And brightens the smiles of the damsels and
 swains,
 As they follow the last team of harvest along,
 And end all their toils with a dance and a song :
 Possess'd of the plenty that blesses the year,
 Bleak winter's approach they behold without fear,
 And when tempests rattle and hurricanes roar,
 Enjoy what they have, and ne'er languish for
 more.

Dear Chloe, from them let us learn to be wise,
 And use every moment of life as it flies ;
 Gay youth is the spring-time, which all must
 improve,

For summer to ripen an harvest of love :
 Our hearts then a provident care should engage,
 To lay friendship in store for the winter of age,
 Whose frowns shall disarm ev'n Chloe's bright
 eye,

Damp the flame in my bosom, and pall ev'ry joy.

By

By Mr. Lowe.

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design
To 'scape from her charms, and to drown
'em in wine;

I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, and still love in my heart.

I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid;
Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance
weigh'd:

Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my
prayer,

That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be
taught;

I came for your counsel, to find out a fault:
If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,
To find fault with Hebe, would forfeit my
name.

What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain,
While, like light'ning, she darts thro' each
throbbing vein?

My senses surpriz'd, in her favour took arms,
And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

The Song of DIANA. Sung by Miss Poitier,
at Covent-Garden Theatre. Set by Dr. Boyce.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken
the day,

And hie to my woodland walks away;

I tuck

I tuck up my robe, and am buskind'd soon,
 And tie to my forehead a waxing moon ;
 I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
 And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks :
 With shouting, and hooting, we pierce thro'
 the sky,
 And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

By Miss Brent, in Comus.

Set by Dr. Arne,

WOULD you taste the noon-tide air,
 To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
 Where, woven with the poplar bough,
 The mantling vine will shelter you,
 The mantling vine will shelter you :
 Down each side a fountain flows,
 Tinkling, murm'ring as it goes,
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round,
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Round the languid herds, and sheep,
 Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks, sleep ;
 While on the hyacinth and rose
 The fair does all alone repose :
 The fair does all alone repose :

All alone ; yet in her arms
 Your breast shall beat to love's alarms,
 Till blest and blessing, you shall own,
 The joys of love are joys alone,
 The joys of love are joys alone.

Sung

Sung in Eliza, an English Opera.

WITH swords on their thighs the bold
yeomen are seen,
For their country they arm, their religion and
queen,
How glorious their ardour to lay down their
lives
In defence of their freedom, their children and
wives!
Ye tyrants, ye know not what Liberty yields,
How she guards all our shores, and protects all
our fields.

As Hebe she's fair, and as Hercules strong,
She's the queen of our mirth, and the joy of
our song.

To Liberty raise up the high chearful strain,
Fill the goblets around to the lords of the main -
Eliza is queen, and her brave loyal band
Shall drive each invader far out of the land.

By Mr. Yates, in The Capricious Lovers.

WHEN the head of poor Tummas was
broke

By Roger, who play'd at the wake,
And Kate was alarm'd at the stroke,
And wept for poor Tummas's sake;
When his worship gave noggings of ale,
And the liquor was charming and stout;
O these were the times to regale,
And we footed it rarely about.

Then

Then our partners were buxom as does,
 And we all were as happy as kings ;
 Each lad in his holiday clothes,
 And the lasses in all their best things :
 What merriment all the day long !
 May the feast of our Colin prove such ;
 Odzooks ! but I'll join in the song,
 And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

By Miss Wright, at Ranelagh.

Set by Mr. Goodwin.

TH O' his passion, in silence, the youth
 would conceal,
 What his tongue would not utter his eyes still
 reveal,
 And by soft stolen glances unwillingly prove,
 That they are the tell-tales of Celadon's love.
 To the grove, or the green, to the dance, or the
 fair,
 Wherever I go, my blithe shepherd is there ;
 I know the fond youth by his blush and his smile,
 And surely such looks were not made to beguile.
 Tho' indifferent the subject, whatever it prove,
 He insensibly turns the discourse upon love ;
 If he talks to another, with pleasure I see,
 Tho' his words are to her, yet his looks are to me.
 When he speaks, if alone, I am ever in fear
 He should say what I dread, and yet wish most
 to hear :
 Should he mention his love, tho' my pride
 wou'd deny,
 My heart whispers, Celia, fond Celia, comply.

By

By Miss Hallam, in Love in a Village.

CUPID, god of soft persuasion,
Take the helpless lover's part :
Seize, oh seize, some kind occasion
To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,
Who the body would enthrall ;
Tyrants of more cruel kind,
Those who would enslave the mind.
Cupid, god of, &c.

What is grandeur ? foe to rest ;
Childish mummery at best.
Happy I in humble state !
Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.
Cupid, god of, &c.

The SHEPHERD and SHEPHERDESS,
a CANTATA.

Set by Mr. Battifhill.

By Mr. Vernon and Miss Brent, at Vauxhall.

Shepherd. RECITATIVE.

THE morning's freshness calls me forth,
To view creation crown the earth.

AIR.

Come, my Lucy, come away,
Share with me this sun-shine day ;
Sweets of May make nature gay,
Come, my Lucy, come away.

Shepherdess.

Shepherdefs. RECITATIVE.

Ah! help me, shepherd, do but see,
I'm stung this moment by a bee.

Shepherd. AIR.

If you from a wound that's so small feel a pain,
Then think what you give to a true-loving swain,
When scornful you fly from his pray'rs :
A bee's single sting but a little while smarts,
But wounds for years fester in fond shepherds
hearts,

When lasses will give themselves airs.

Shepherdefs.

Ah! shepherd! ah! shepherd, mankind, like the
bee,

Fly buzzing about ev'ry beauty they see ;

And when the believing fool'd maid,
O'ercome by their arts, feels the force of love's
sting ;

At once, like the bee, the shepherd takes wing,
And laughing, he leaves her betray'd.

Shepherd. RECITATIVE.

Then fix me at once for the rest of my life,
And from shepherd and lass, let us be man and
wife,

Shepherdefs. AIR.

Maids well should beware ere to that they consent,
Those in haste to be marry'd, at leisure repent ;
We should look ere we leap, 'tis a lott'ry for life,
Where the blanks are all drawn by a man and
his wife.

Shepherd.

Shepherd.

Those who wed for meer wealth such misfortunes
may prove,

But we buy wedlock's tickets with true love for
love ;

And since friendship's the prize in the lott'ry
for life,

We shall stand the best chance when we're made
man and wife.

Shepherdes.

Shall I liberty leave, and submit to be rul'd ;

To my children a slave, by my husband be fool'd ;

The day spent in trouble, the night waste in strife ;

This is often the change from a maid to a wife.

Shepherd.

We a wife take, 'tis said, e'er for better or worse ;

Marriage therefore is either a blessing or curse ;

Let us shew, by example, the blessings of life

Can only be found in a man and his wife.

Shepherdes.

But see the sun setting, the clouds skirt with gold,

And nibbling flocks rising, repair to their fold ;

Let us homeward repair——

Both.

——— And end further strife,

And to-morrow, my dear, we'll be made man
and wife.

F

B.7

Shepherd.

By Mr. Beard, in Comus.

NOW Phoebus sinketh in the west,
 Welcome song, and welcome jest;
 Midnight shouts and revelry,
 Tipsy dance, and jollity:
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine;
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrup'lous head;
 Strict Age, and four Severity,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.

Set by Mr. Weldon.

LET ambition fire thy mind;
 Thou wert born o'er man to reign,
 Not to follow flocks design'd:
 Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain,
 Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet;
 Thou on necks of kings shalt tread;
 Joys incircling joys shall meet,
 Which way e'er thy fancy's led.
 Let not toils of empire fright;
 Toils of empire pleasures are:
 Thou shalt only know delight,
 All the joy, but not the care.

Shepherd

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize,
 For the blessings I bestow,
 Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
 Happy thou shalt reign below.

By Miss Wearman, at Vauxhall.

BREATHE soft, ye winds; be calm, ye skies;
 Arise, ye flow'ry race, arise;
 Ye silver dews, ye vernal show'r's,
 Call forth a bloomy waste of flow'rs.

The fragrant rose, a beauteous guest,
 Shall flourish on my fair one's breast;
 Shall grace her hand, or deck her hair,
 The flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair.

The S K Y - L A R K.

GO, tuneful bird, that glads the skies,
 To Daphne's window speed thy way,
 And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display,

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
 And if she praise thy matin song;
 Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear,
 To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
 The bird from Indian groves may shine;
 But ask the lovely, partial maid,

What are his notes, compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witlefs beau,
 And all his flaunting race, with scorn,
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

Sung in HARLEQUIN'S INVASION.

TO arms! ye brave mortals, to arms!
 The road to renown lies before you,
 The name of king Shakespear has charms,
 To rouse ye to actions of glory.

Away! ye brave mortals, away!
 'Tis nature calls on you to save her,
 What man but would nature obey,
 And fight for her Shakespear for ever.

Sung in HARLEQUIN'S INVASION.

OLD women we are,
 And as wise in the chair,
 As fit for the quorum as men;
 We can scold on the bench,
 Or examine a wench,
 And like them can be wrong now and then.

C H O R U S.

For look the world thro',
 And you'll find one in ten,
 Old women can do
 As much as old men,

We

We can hear a sad case,
 With a no-meaning face,
 And tho' shallow, yet seem to be deep:
 Leave all to the clerk;
 For when matters grow dark,
 Their worships had better go sleep.

CHO. For look the world thro', &c.
 When our wisdom is ask'd,
 And hard questions are ask'd,
 We'll answer them best with a snore:
 We can mump a tid bit,
 And can joke without wit,
 And what can their worships do more?

CHO. For look the world thro', &c.

Sung in HARLEQUIN'S INVASION.

THRICE happy the nation that Shakespear
 has charm'd!
 More happy the bosoms his genius has warm'd!
 Ye children of nature, of fashion, and whim!
 He painted you all, all join to praise him.

CHORUS. Come away! come away!

His genius calls—you must obey!

From highest to lowest, from old to the young,
 All states and conditions by him have been sung;
 All passions and humours were rais'd by his pen;
 He cou'd soar with the eagle; and sing with the
 wren.

CHO. Come away, &c.

To praise him, ye fairies, and genii repair,
 He knew where ye haunted, in earth or in air :
 No phantom so subtle cou'd glide from his
 view,
 The wings of his fancy were swifter than you.

CHO. Come away, &c.

By Mr Mattocks, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. Arne.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen
 abroad ;

To horse, my brave boys, and away !
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
 Upbraids our too tedious delay.
 What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox !
 O'er hills, and o'er valleys, he flies :
 Then follow—we'll soon overtake him—Huzza !
 The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
 Like Bacchanals shouting and gay,
 How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,
 And lose the fatigues of the day !
 With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy ;
 Dull wisdom all happiness fours :
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

Written

Written by William Whitehead, Esq; Poet
Laureat.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Celia has undone me ;
And yet, I swear, I can't tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me :
'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there no graces revel ;
'Tis not her shape, for there the Fates,
'Tis not her shape, for there the Fates
Have rather been uncivil,
Have rather been uncivil.
'Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common ;
And all her sense is only chat,
Like any other woman .
Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm ;
'Tis both, perhaps, or neither ;
In short, 'tis that provoking charm
In short, 'tis that provoking charm
Of Celia all together,
Of Celia all together.

C A N T A T A. Set by Mr. Stanley.

R E C I T A T I V E.

AS in a pensive form Myrtilla sat,
Revolving on the will of fate,
A sprightly youth, devoid of care,
Advanc'd, and thus address'd the fair.

A I R.

A I R.

Thou vernal bloom of beauty's tree,
 I'm come to buy a heart of thee:
 With transport I receiv'd the tale,
 That such a gem was up for sale.
 Could I command the starry train,
 For thee I'd give it back again;
 And if I could, to make thee mine,
 The universe should all be thine.

Go hence, the maid with softness cries;
 Merit the best deserves the prize:
 The tale you've heard was falsely told;
 Myrtilla's heart can ne'er be sold.

Set by Mr. Howard.

WHY heaves my fond bosom? ah! what
 can it mean?

Why flutters my heart that was once so serene?
 Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne
 is near;

Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?
 Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?

Methinks I for ever with wonder could trace
 The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face:
 Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find;
 With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by
 thy mind,

With thy face, &c.

Untainted with folly, unfully'd by pride,
 There native good-humour and virtue reside:

Pray

Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply
 With compassion for him who without thee
 must die,
 With compassion for him who without thee
 must die.

By Mr. Shuter, in the Maid of the Mill.

YOU vile pack of vagabonds! what do ye
 mean?

I'll maul you, rascallions,
 Ye tatter demallions—

If one of them comes within reach of my cane.

Such cursed assurance,

'Tis past all endurance.

Nay, nay, pray come away.

They're lyars and thieves,

And he that believes

Their foolish predictions

Will find them but fictions,

A bubble that always deceives.

The A D V I C E.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Howard.

YE nymphs, who to the throne of love
 With hearts submissive bow;
 Who hope the mutual blifs to prove,
 That crowns the nuptial vow,
 That crowns the nuptial vow;

Thro'

Thro' caution's glafs, by reason lent,
 Oh ! view your lovers clearly,
 Nor think to wed, till that present
 The man that loves you dearly ;
 Nor think to wed, till that present
 The man that loves you dearly,
 The man that loves you dearly,

Still blind to wisdom's ray, the rake
 No social blifs allows ;
 And he who long has rov'd, must make
 A good-for-nothing spouse,
 A good-for-nothing spouse.
 Nor trust the fop, tho' piteous sighs
 Proclaim you've touch'd him clearly ;
 His own sweet charms too much he'll prize,
 Nor can he love you dearly ;
 His own, &c.

But when with every manly grace,
 A youth of soul refin'd,
 Who doating on your form and face,
 Thinks brighter still your mind,
 Thinks brighter still your mind ;
 When such shall for the favour sue,
 Oh ! yield your hand sincerely,
 And you'll love him, and he'll love you,
 To life's last moment, dearly ;
 And you'll love him, and he'll love you,
 To life's last moment, dearly,
 To life's last moment, dearly.

The INVITATION.

By Mr. Lowe, Mrs. Vincent, Mrs. Collett, and
Miss Davis, at Marybone-Gardens.

Mrs. Vincent.

COME, ye party-jangling swains,
Leave your flocks, and quit the plains ;
Friends to country, or to court,
Nothing here shall spoil your sport.

Chorus.

Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Mr. Lowe.

Sprightly widows, come away ;
Laughing dames, and virgins gay ;
Little gaudy flutt'ring misses,
(Smiling hopes of future blisses.)
Ever welcome, &c.

Mrs. Collett.

All that rip'ning sun can bring,
Beauteous summer, beauteous spring,
In one varying scene we show,
The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow.
Ever welcome, &c.

Miss Davis.

Comus jesting, music charming,
Wine inspiring, beauty warming ;
Rage and party-malice dies,
Peace returns, and discord flies.
Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

The

By

By Miss Brent, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. Arne.

AUSPICIOUS spirits, guard my love,
In time of danger near him 'bide;
With out-spread wings around him move,
And turn each random ball aside.

And you, his foes, though hearts of steel,
Oh! may you then with me accord;
A sympathetic passion feel,
Behold his face, and drop the sword.

Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave;
Like airs that o'er the garden sweep,
Breathe soft in sighs, and gentle heave
The calm, smooth bosom of the deep.

Till halcyon peace return'd once more,
From blasts secure, and hostile harms,
My sailor views his native shore,
And harbours safe in these fond arms.

The CONTENTED MILLER.

By Mr. Hudson, at Ranelagh.

IN a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill and some meadows—(a freehold
estate)

A well-meaning miller by labour supplies
Those blessings that nature to grand ones denies;
No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His constant companions are health and content:

Their

Their lordshids, in lace, may take note, if they
will,
For he's honest—tho' daub'd with the dust of
his mill.

Ere the larks early carol salutes the new day,
He springs from his cottage, as jocund as May;
He chearfully whistles, regardless of care,
Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair:
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,
Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great;
No fraud nor ambition his bosom does fill,
Contented he works if there's grist for his mill.

On Sunday, bedeck'd in his home-spun array,
At church he's the loudest to chant, or to pray;
Sits down to a dinner of plain English food;
And, tho' simple the pudding, his appetite's good:
At night, when the priest and exciseman are gone,
He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John;
Then returns to his pillow, and dreams of no ill,
—No monarch's more blest than the man of the
mill.

Sung in Eliza. Set by Dr. Arne.

MY fond shepherds of late were so blest,
Their fair nymphs were so happy and
gay,

That each night they went safely to rest,

And they merrily sung thro' the day:

But, ah! what a scene must appear!

Must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er?

G Shall

Shall the tabor no more strike the ear ?
 Shall the dance on the green be no more ?
 Must the flocks from their pastors be led ?
 Must the herds go wild straying abroad ?
 Shall the looms be all stopp'd in each shed,
 And the ships be all moor'd in each road ?
 Must the arts be all scatter'd abroad,
 And shall commerce grow sick of the tide ?
 Must Religion expire on the ground,
 And shall Virtue sink down by her side ?

By Mr. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.

OH ! had I been by fate decreed
 Some humble cottage swain,
 In fair Rosetta's sight to feed
 My flocks upon the plain,
 What bliss had I been born to taste,
 Which now I ne'er must know ?
 Ye envious pow'rs ! why have ye plac'd
 My fair-one's lot so low ?

By Mr. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.

STILL in hopes to get the better
 Of my stubborn flame I try,
 Swear this moment to forget her,
 And the next my oath deny.
 Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
 Ev'ry charm in thought I brave ;
 Then, relapsing, fly to meet her,
 And confess myself her slave.

Sylvan

Sylvan and Cynthia, a Favourite Dialogue.

By Mr. Adams and Miss Carley, at Finch's
Gardens.

Sylvan.

SWEET Summer is coming, the peach-tree's
in bloom,
The laylock's array'd, for its leaves are just come;
Then Cynthia, remember, your swains usual lay,
Consent, be united; for life's but a day.

Cynthia.

Fly hence, oh! false Sylvan, to Myra the gay,
To her repeat all the fine things that you say.
With joy she may hear you, and list to your lay,
For love like to life is with you but a day.

Sylvan.

Unjustly, dear Cynthia, your Sylvan you blame,
I continue still constant, does Cynthia the same:
Tho' to Dorilla's cottage your flock did once
stray,
Was the sheep then in fault, or my Cynthia,
I pray?

Cynthia.

Accuse me not, Sylvan, nor strive to beguile,
With a frown, I demand it, and banish a smile;
To Ida's sweet mountains your flock you may
lead,
With Myra, who credits whatever you plead.

Sylvan.

Not so, my dear Cynthia, with you I will stray,
 You add to all pleasure, and brighten the day;
 Without thee, unhappy must Sylvan remain,
 Oh! tell me you'll have me, and rid me of pain.

Cynthia.

Then Sylvan be happy, tho' in fetters remain,
 I'll free you from bondage, but not from your
 chain;

Then, there is my hand, to the church lead
 the way,

Be easy and chearful, I'll ever obey.

Both.

Come, come, all ye nymphs with your shepherds
 repair,

With garlands of mirtle to crown the fond pair:
 May happiness grow as our love doth encrease,
 And Hymen supply us with plenty and peace.

Sung by Miss Young, at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Phillis one morning a maying
 would go,

When saunt'ring among the sweet meadows to
 and fro:

In vain did the cowslips her fair hand invite,
 Nor daisies, nor daffodils gave her delight;
 Her heart with the throbbing of passion did
 move,

Each bird on the spray could have told her 'twas
 love.

At

At length she grew weary, and sat by a brook,
Where Strephon, the shepherd, was baiting his
hook;

Unnotic'd he saw her, and heard her complain,
His heart was inflam'd to allay her soft pain:
The swain had led many a lass to the grove,
And he, wicked rogue! thought that Phillis
would love.

Howe'er as her mind was by innocence dress'd,
'Twas plain that fair virtue was lodg'd in her
breast;

Her beauty was much, but her modesty more,
Which Strephon perceiv'd, and began to adore;
He kneel'd at her feet, with a garland he wove,
And Phillis consented to make him her love.

By Miss Wright, in The Fairy Tale.

YOU spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen,
Newts and blind worms, do no wrong,
Come not near the fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in your sweet lullaby.
Neither harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come the fairy's pillow nigh,
So good night-with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, ye long-legg'd spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in your sweet, &c.

DUETTO. Sung in Comus.

Set by Dr. Arne.

FROM tyrant laws and customs free,
 We follow sweet variety;
 By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
 Time for ever on the wing.
 Why should niggard rules controul
 Transports of the jovial soul?
 No dull stinting hour we own,
 Pleasure counts our time alone.

By Mr. Beard, in Love in a Village.

ONS! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle
 like this;
 What harm with a fair-one to toy and to kiss?
 The greatest and gravest (a truce with grimace)
 Wou'd do the same thing, were they in the
 same place.
 No age, no profession, no station is free;
 To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee:
 That power, resistless, no strength can oppose;
 We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.

By Miss Wearman, at Vauxhall.

Set by Signior Giardini.

GENTLE gales, in pity bear
 My sighs, my tender sighs away;
 To my cruel Strephon's ear
 All my soft complaints convey.

Near

Near some mossy fountain's side,
 Or on some verdant bank reclin'd,
 Where bubbling streams in murmurs glide,
 You will the dear deluder find.

Gentle gales, in pity bear
 My sighs, my tender sighs away ;
 To my cruel Strephon's ear
 All my soft complaints convey.

Tell the false one, how I mourn,
 Tell him all my pains and woes ;
 Tell, ah ! tell him to return,
 And bring my wounded heart repose.

Gentle gales, in pity bear
 My sighs, my tender sighs away ;
 To my cruel Strephon's ear
 All my soft complaints convey.

By Mr. Dibdin, in The Maid of the Mill.

AN they count me such a ninny,
 So to let them rule the roast,
 I'll bet any one a guinea,
 That they've sum'm'd without their host.
 But if I don't play 'em, in lieu of it,
 A trick that is fairly worth two of it
 Why then let me pass
 For a fool and an ass.

To be sure the sly cajoler
 Thought his work as good as done,
 When he found the little stroller
 Was so easy to be won.

But

But if I don't play 'em, in lieu of it,
A trick that is fairly worth two of it,
Why then let me pass
For a fool and an ass.

In the Maid of the Mill.

CHORUS.

FREE from sorrow, free from strife,
Oh how blest the miller's life !
Chearful working thro' the day,
Still he laughs and sings away.
Nought can vex him,
Nought perplex him,
While there's grist to make him gay.

DUET.

Let the great enjoy the blessings
By indulgent fortunes sent.
What can wealth, can grandeur offer
More than plenty and content ?

By Mr. Dibden, in the Maid of the Mill.

IF that's all you want, who the plague will be
sorry?
'Twere better by half to dig stones in a quarry;
For my share, I'm weary of what is got by't :
S'flesh ! here's such a racket, such scolding and
coiling,
You're never content, but when folks are a toil-
ing,
And drudging like horses from morning till
night.

You

You think I'm afraid, but the difference to shew
you,

First, yonder's your shovel, your sacks too I
throw you ;

Henceforward, take care of your matters who
will :

They're welcome to slave for your wages that
need 'em,

Tol lol derol lol, I have purchas'd my freedom,
And never hereafter shall work at the mill.

By Miss Brent, in Love in a Village.

TIS not wealth, it is not birth,
Can value to the soul convey :

Minds possess superior worth,

Which chance nor gives, nor takes away.

Like the sun true merit shows,

By nature warm, by nature bright ;

With inbred flames he nobly glows,

Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

DUETTO. By Mr. Tenducci, and Miss
Brent, in the English Opera of Artaxerxes.

Set by Dr. Arne.

FAIR Aurora, prithee stay ;

O retard unwelcome day ;

Think what anguish rends my breast,

Thus caressing, thus carest,

From the idol of my heart

Forc'd at thy approach to part.

A fa-

A favourite CANTATA. By Miss Brent,
at Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne.

RECITATIVE.

A Wretch long tortur'd with disdain,
That ever pin'd, but pin'd in vain,
At length the god of wine address'd,
Sure refuge of a wounded breast.

AIR.

Vouchsafe, O pow'r, thy healing aid,
Teach me to gain the cruel maid;
Thy juices take the lover's part,
Flush his wan looks, and cheer his heart.

RECITATIVE.

To Bacchus thus the lover cry'd,
And thus the jolly god reply'd :

AIR.

Give whining o'er, be brisk and gay,
And quaff his sneaking form away :
With dauntless mien approach the fair
The way to conquer is—to dare.

RECITATIVE.

The swain pursued the god's advice,
The nymph was now no longer nice.

AIR.

She smil'd, and spoke the sex's mind ;
When you grow daring, we grow kind :
Men to themselves are most severe,
And make us tyrants by their fear.

A fa-

A favourite Song, sung at Ranelagh.

NOW the woodland chorists sing,
 Beauty takes her radiant sphere ;
 Love adorns the smiling spring,
 Love and beauty gild the year :
 Seize the minutes as they fly,
 Jocund hours and festive round ;
 Innocence, with virgin eye,
 Comes with rural chaplets crown'd.
 Awful virtue keeps her state
 In the cot, or on the throne ;
 Liberty enjoins her mate,
 As fair honour holds the zone :
 Love and beauty, on the wing,
 Sweep the globe, and conquer all ;
 Poet, hero, sage and king,
 At their shrine submissive fall.
 Where should honour love to dwell,
 But in freedom's happy isle ?
 Virtue here enjoys a cell
 More than in a tyrant's smile :
 Where should beauty fix her reign,
 But on love, that pow'r defies ?
 Innocence shall crown the scene,
 Where ambition droops and dies.

On FRIENDSHIP. Set by Mr Gerard.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of de-
 ceit,
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet ;
 How

How strange does it seem, that in searching a-
round,

This source of content is so rare to be found ?
O, friendship ! thou balm, and rich sweetener
of life ;

Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife ;
Without thee, alas ! what are riches and pow'r,
But empty delusion, the joys of an hour ?

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
On whom we may always with safety depend ?
Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into
peace :

When fortune is smiling, what crowds will ap-
pear,

Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere ;
Yet change but the prospect, and point out dis-
tress,

No longer to court you they eagerly press.

By Miss Brent, in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph that liv'st
unseen

Within thy airy cell,

By flow Mæander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,

Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;

Canst

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are ?

O ! if you have

Hid them in some flow'ry cave,

Tell me but where,

Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the
sphere ;

So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heav'n's har-
monies.

Sung in the Mask of Alfred.

YE warblers, while Strephon I mourn,
To cheer me your harmony bring ;
Unless, since my shepherd is gone,
You cease, like poor Phillis, to sing :
Each flower declines its sweet head,
Nor odours around me will throw,
While ev'ry soft lamb on the mead
Seems kindly to pity my woe.

Each rural amusement I try
In vain to restore my past ease ;
What charm'd when my Strephon was by,
Has now lost the power to please :
Ye seasons that brighten the grove,
Not long for your absence we mourn ;
But Strephon neglects me and love,
He roves, and will never return.

H

As

As gay as the spring is my dear,
 And sweet as all flowers combin'd ;
 His smiles like the summer can chear,
 Ah ! why then, like winter, unkind ?
 Unkind he is not, I can prove,
 But tender to others can be ;
 To Celia and Chloe makes love,
 And only is cruel to me.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

A Cantata, taken from a celebrated Print of
 the ingenious Mr. Hogarth.

RECITATIVE.

T WAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth
 tells,
 Where sad despair and famine always dwells,
 A meagre Frenchman, madame Grandfire's cook,
 As home he steer'd his carcase that way took ;
 Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir Loin,
 On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine :
 Good father Dominick by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye ;
 Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
 His benediction on it he bestow'd :
 And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
 He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight ad-
 dress'd,

AIR

A I R.

(A lovely Lads to a Friar came, &c.)

Oh rare roast beef ! lov'd by all mankind,
 If I was doom'd to have thee,
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swimming in thy gravy,
 Not all thy country's force combin'd
 Should from my fury save thee.
 Renown'd Sir-loin, oft times decreed
 The theme of English ballad ;
 On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchman's palate :
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed
 Soup-meagre, frogs and fallad !

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen,
 Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.
 His morning's mess forsook the friendly bowl,
 And in small streams along the pavement stole.
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

A I R.

(Foote's Minuet.)

Ah, sacre Dieu ! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite ?
 Begar it is de roast beef from Londre ;
 Oh ! grant to me von letel bite.

H 2

But

But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies ;
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
 Whose brazen front his country did betray,
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
 By honest means to gain his daily bread.
 Soon as the well-known prospect he descry'd,
 In blubbering accents dolefully he cry'd,

AIR.

(Ellen a Roon.)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 Sweet beef that now causes my stomach to rise,

So taking thy fight is,

My joy, that so light is,

To view thee, by pailfuls runs out at my eyes.

While here I remain, my life's not worth a
 farthing.

While here I remain, my life's not worth a
 farthing.

Ah, hard-hearted Loui !

Why did I come to you ?

The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me
 from starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney fate,
 Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate,
 But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
 His dear lov'd mull, alas ! was thrown aside :

With

With lifted hand he blest'd his native place,
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case.

AIR.

(The Broom of Cowdenknows.)

How hard, oh! Sawney, is thy lot,

Who was so blithe of late,

To see such meat as can't be got,

When hunger is so great!

O the beef! the bonny beef,

When roasted nice and brown;

I wish I had a slice of thee,

How sweet it would gang down!

Ah, Charley! hadst thou not been seen,

This ne'er had happ'd to me;

I would the de'el had pick'd mine ey'n,

Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.

O thee beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But, see! my muse to England takes her flight,

Where health and plenty socially unite;

Where smiling freedom guards great George's
throne,

And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known.

Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains should ring,

In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

AIR.

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain,

Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,

He boasted his size he could quickly attain.

O the roast beef of Old England,

And O the Old English roast beef.

H 3

Then

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd, " Son, to attempt it you're surely to
blame."

O the roast beef, &c.

But deaf to advice he for glory did thirst ;
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
'Till swelling and straining too hard made him
burst.

O the roast beef, &c.

Then, Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear ;
The ox is Old England ; the frog is monsieur,
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.

O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To see the Sir-loin smoking hot on our table,
The French may e'en burst like the frog in the
fable,

O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Berg.

O NE Midsummer morning, when nature
look'd gay,
The birds full of song, and the flocks full of
play ;
When earth seem'd to answer the smiles from
above,
And all things proclaim'd it the season of love ;
My mother cried, Nancy, come haste to the mill ;
If the corn be not ground, you may scold if you
will.

The

The freedom to use my tongue pleas'd me, no
doubt;

A woman, alas ! would be nothing without :
I went tow'ards the mill without any delay,
And conn'd o'er the words I determin'd to say :
But when I came near it, I found it stock still ;
Bless my stars now ! cry'd I, huff them rarely I
will.

The miller to market that instant was gone ;
The work it was left to the care of his son :
Now, though I can scold well as any one can,
I thought 'twould be wrong to scold the young
man :

I said, I'm surpriz'd you can use me so ill ;
I must have my corn ground, I must, and I will.
Sweet maid, cry'd the youth, the fault is not
mine ;

No corn in the town I'd grind sooner than thine :
There's no one more ready in pleasing the fair ;
The mill shall go merrily round, I declare.
But hark how the birds sing, and see how they
bill !

I must have a kiss first, I must, and I will.

My corn being done, I tow'ards home bent my
way ;

He whisper'd he'd something of moment to say ;
Insisted to hand me along the green mead,
And there swore he lov'd me, indeed, and indeed !
And that he'd be constant, and true to me still :
And since that time I've lik'd him, and like him
I will.

I often say, Mother, the miller I'll huff;
 She laughs, and cries, Go, girl, ay, plague
 him enough;
 And scarce a day passes but, by her desire,
 I get a sly kiss from the youth I admire.
 If wedlock he wishes, his wish I'll fulfil,
 And I'll answer, O yes! with a hearty good-
 will.

By Mr. Beard, and Miss Brent, in Thomas and
 Sally. Set by Dr. Arne.

Thomas.

LET fops pretend in flames to melt,
 And talk of pangs they never felt;
 I speak without disguise or art,
 And with my hand bestow my heart.

Sally.

Let ladies prudishly deny,
 Look cold, and give their thoughts the lye;
 T'own the passion in my breast,
 And long to make my lover blest.

Thomas.

For this the sailor, on the mast,
 Endures the cold and cutting blast;
 All dripping wet, wears out the night,
 And braves the fury of the fight.

Sally.

For this the virgin pines, and sighs,
 With throbbing heart, and streaming eyes,

Till

Till sweet reverse of joy she proves,
And clasps the faithful lad she loves.

Duatto.

Ye British youths, be brave, you'll find,
The British virgins will be kind;
Protect their beauty from alarms,
And they'll repay you with its charms.

The UNION of LOVE and WINE.
Set by Mr. Baildon.

WITH women and wine I defy ev'ry care,
For life without these is a bubble of air;
For life without these, &c.

Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul;
Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
I never shall alter my conduct for them;
I care not how much they my measures decline,
Let 'em have their own humour, and I will have
mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,
'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love;
And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
As when Mars bound his head with a branch
from the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph
half-divine,
First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me
with wine;

Then

Then giving and taking in mutual return,
 The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.
 But shouldst thou my passion for wine disapprove,
 My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love;
 For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,
 My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glafs.

LABOUR in VAIN.

IN pursuit of some lambs from my flocks that
 have stray'd,

One morning I rang'd o'er the plain;
 But, alas! after all my researches were made,
 I perceiv'd that my labour was vain.

At length growing hopeless my lambs to restore,
 I resolv'd to return back again;
 It was useless, I thought, to seek after them more,
 Since I found that my labour was vain.

On this my return, pretty Phœbe I saw,
 And to love her I could not refrain;
 To solicit a kiss, I approach'd her with awe,
 But she told me my labour was vain.

But Phœbe, I cried, to my suit lend an ear,
 And let me no longer complain;
 She reply'd, with a frown, and an aspect severe,
 Young Colin, your labour's in vain.

Then I eagerly clasp'd her quite close to my
 breast,
 And kiss'd her, and kiss'd her again;
 O Colin, she cry'd, if you're rude, I protest
 That your labour shall still be in vain.

At length, by entreaties, by kisses and vows,
 Compassion she took on my pain;
 She now has consented to make me her spouse,
 So no longer I labour in vain.

By Mr. Beard, in the Summer's Tale.

SEE how the genial god of day
 Salutes the warm, the blushing year;
 Chear'd by his beams, how bright, how gay,
 The fields, the groves, the flowers appear!

And hark! in yonder vocal bower
 The turtle plies his amorous theme,
 All nature owns love's mighty power,
 And deeply drinks the quick'ning beam.

And, tell me, do these scenes impart
 No friendly warmth to thee alone?
 Wilt thou nor give me back my heart,
 Nor yet repay me with thine own?

Ah! why wou'd nature make thee fair,
 And not dispose thee to be kind?
 To love, alas! is to despair,
 And not to love is to be blind.

By Mr. Shuter, in the Summer's Tale.

THERE lies your road — sweet Sir, adieu!
 My daughter is no match for you:
 She's gone from home; she's sick; she's dead;
 In short, she vows she will not wed
 To any gentleman in red.

Nay,

Nay, never frown, and look so bluff,
 You're fairly sped ; you've said enough.
 The man who let's fly Reynard loose
 When once he's caught him in his noose,
 Richly deserves to lose his goose.

By Mrs. Mattocks, in the Summer's Tale.

O Naughty, naughty garden !
 What ail'd me to come in it ?
 I pray your worship pardon,
 I must away this minute.

I must away :

Farewel ! good day !

Sir Antony, pray, excuse me :
 The more a damsel views thee,
 The surer she'll refuse thee.

Nay, let me pass ;

Oh fie ! alas !

You'd nearly caught a fall, Sir,
 Good lack ? if this be all, Sir,
 I'll be within your call, Sir.

By Miss Brent, in the Summer's Tale.

O Love, tyrannic god, whose fatal dart
 Subdues all nature to its proud controul ;
 I feel thy vengeful shaft transfix my heart,
 And yield to thee the empire of my soul.

By

By Mrs. Vincent, in the Summer's Tale.

DEAR girl, never trust to thy charms,
Youth's fugitive season improve;
Oh! take the dear man to thine arms,
Nor blush at an innocent love.

Too soon and that sweet rosy bloom,
That elegant form shall decay;
That hair like the raven's dark plume
Shall be silvering over with grey.

The fops that now flutter around
Shall find some more favourite fair;
Whilst you drop despis'd to the ground
With envy consum'd and despair.

Then list to the counsel I give
And be not by flatt'ry betray'd;
Left you shou'd be fated to live
Like me a neglected old maid.

By Mrs. Mattocks, in the Summer's Tale.

WHILE on earth's soft lap descending
Lightly falls the feather'd snow;
Nature awfully attending
Each rude wind forbids to blow.

White and pure awhile appearing,
Earth her virgin mantle wears;
Soon the fickle season veering,
Her deluded bosom bares.

I

Thus

Thus my foolish heart believing,
 Listen'd to his artful tongue ;
 All his vows of love receiving,
 On each flattering accent hung.

“ Fondly for a time mistaken
 Love and joy conceal'd my fate ;
 Now alas ! at length forsaken,
 Sad experience comes too late.”

By Mr. Dyer, in the Summer's Tale.

WHY heaves my breast with frequent sighs ?
 Whence rises this soft perturbation ?
 In vain my heart each effort tries
 To combat its fond inclination.
 How helpless am I !
 Where shall I fly ?
 Where shall poor Henry for succour apply ?
 So fixt is the dart,
 Too feeble my art
 To assuage the unspeakable smart.

By Miss Brent, in the Summer's Tale.

AH ! what can defend a poor maiden from
 love ?
 Ye prudes, your expedient impart,
 This pleasing intruder how shall I remove,
 And guard the soft pass to my heart ?
 Of mothers and wives how wretched the lives,
 Your's alone is the sensible plan ;

They

They only are blest like you who detest
That horrible creature call'd man.

But when at our feet the fond wretches we view,
How can one refuse 'em?
Or scornfully use 'em?
Ah! was it your case, ye coy virgins, cou'd you?

By Mr. Morris, in the Summer's Tale.

YE swains so faint-hearted, who sigh for the
fair,
So brim-full of love, but of money so bare;
Ye soldiers so stout, who make slaughter your
trade,
Who stand to a man, but who fly from a maid:
Wou'd you conquer alike both the fair and
the foe,
Strike home my dear honey! and follow your
blow;
If the damsel consents, take her strait in the mood,
If not, gently force her, 'tis all for her good.

By Mr. Beard, in the Summer's Tale.

LOOK back, behold!
The shining gold;
Come, take, and freely use it,
Hark! hark, it chinks!
Sweet sound; methinks
No lawyer can refuse it.

See! here's a bribe
 For half your tribe,
 And will you then be jogging?

'Tis generous wine,
 How bright! how fine!
 Come, take another noggin.

I see you relent
 'Tis enough, be content;
 Two such pleasing allurements what faint can
 withstand,
 The glass at the lips, and the gold in the hand?

By Mr. Dunstall, in the Summer's Tale.

'TIS agreed; say no more;
 All my scruples are o'er;
 I am your's, my lad, body and soul:
 Thus for better, for worse,
 I join hands with your purse;
 And I warrant I'll manage the whole.
 Fill a glass, my brave boy!
 What is honour?—A toy:
 What is honesty, friendship or fame?
 Give me gold, and all these
 I can buy when I please,
 And put beggarly virtue to shame.
 Politicians, they say,
 Only struggle for pay,
 Each one puts up his conscience to sale;
 And the patriot so nice,
 When you bid to his price,
 May be your's for the turn of the scale.

Then

Then draw out your hoard,
 Count it down on the board,
 To refuse it I won't be so mad;
 Since there can be no doubt,
 Shou'd one lawyer hold out,
 But that more of the trade may be had.

By Mr. Shuter, in the Summer's Tale.

Farewel, fond unhappy creature!
 See, for me poor Clara dies;
 Light'ning blast each murd'rous feature,
 Blind these fatal, fatal eyes!

Yet what means this fond bewailing!
 Let the wretched fair one die;
 If my form is so prevailing,
 Nature is in fault, not I.

By Mr. Beard, in the Summer's Tale.

FROM clime to clime
 Let others run
 From rising to the setting sun;
 To kill uneasy time:
 With giddy trembling haste,
 Let the vain creatures fly,
 To search for dear vanity,
 And catch short gleams of fluctuating taste.
 Fixt to my native spot,
 With ease and plenty crown'd,
 Content I look around,
 Nor ask of Heaven a fairer lot.

No vineyards here demand my care,
 No spicy gales perfume the air,
 No citron groves arise;
 The rugged soil,
 Hardly obedient to the peasant's toil,
 Such soft luxuriance denies.
 Yet nature with maternal hand
 A nobler dower has giv'n;
 Valour, the birthright of the land,
 And Liberty, the choicest gift of Heaven.

By Mr. Morris, in the Summer's Tale.

WHEN a maid's in the mind to marry,
 He's an ass that thinks she'll tarry;
 Take my word there's no time to dally,
 Pr'ythee don't stand shilly, shally,
 Shilly, shally, foolish man!
 Shou'd she look before she leaps, Sir,
 Or not wed before she sleeps, Sir,
 You are left in the lurch; all is over!
 She is fled to some happier lover,
 And you may go hang, foolish man!

By Mr. Barrington, in the Summer's Tale.

O Think not that Paddy will palter
 Because he has broke a rogue's pate,
 The man that's afraid of a halter,
 Deserves not so lofty a fate.

O Connor so nobly descended
 Will never so meanly descend ;
 For why ; when my life it is ended,
 Why then of my life there's an end.

By Mr Shuter, in the Summer's Tale.

WHEN my children are wedded all and
 gone,
 With a this way, that way, and every way ;
 And a happy day will be that day,
 When they've left me to myself alone,
 With a this way, &c.
 And I wou'd they were gone every one.
 Then will I seek out for a wife,
 With a this way, &c.
 And a happy day will be that day,
 When I renew a wedded life,
 With a this way, &c.
 For every way I'll please my wife.
 But shou'd she prove wayward, pert and bold,
 With a this way, &c.
 What a luckless day wou'd be that day,
 When I lighted first upon a scold,
 With a this way, &c.
 Ah ! what way's left for me that am old !

By Mr. Tenducci, at Ranelagh Gardens.

FAIR's my Lucy as the day,
 Brighter than the blooming May ;
 Cupid revels in her eyes ;
 On her lip rich nectar lies.

When

When she moves, 'tis Juno walks ;
 When she speaks, Minerva talks ;
 When she sings, th' angelic strain
 Might assuage the fiercest pain.

Clasp'd within her snowy arms,
 Blest with all her world of charms ;
 Thus enthron'd let me expire,
 Gods ! 'tis all that I desire.

By Mr. Tenducci, at Ranelagh Gardens.

HEAR me, ah ! do not fly me ;
 Pity, do not deny me.

Alas ! what cruel pain
 I feel from cold disdain.

Will you then leave me ?

Can you deceive me ?

Ah ! think what raging smart
 Now rends my tortur'd heart.

In vain I sigh and languish,
 Nor can his heart regain ;
 He glories in my anguish,
 And triumphs in my pain.

By Mr. Tenducci, at Ranelagh Gardens.

GO, deceitful fair one, leave me,
 All thy treach'rous arts are vain ;
 Soothing smiles shall ne'er deceive me,
 Nor thy frowns e'er give me pain.

Go, deceitful, &c.
 Love's

Love's resistless power invading,
 Robb'd my generous soul of rest;
 Reason, honour, glory, aiding,
 Drove the traitor from my breast.
 Go, deceitful, &c.

To some favour'd rival fly,
 Fold him in thy wanton arms;
 Sooth him; caress him; then betray,
 Till, like me, he curse thy charms.
 Go, deceitful, &c.

By Mr. Tenducci, at Ranelagh-Gardens.

O Cruel maid, thy scorn forbear,
 Nor thus my tender bosom tear,
 With agonising smart;
 My soft complainings hear,
 Behold the falling tear!
 Ah! judge what anguish rends the heart.
 Come, God of Love assert thy sway,
 And make the fair thy laws obey;
 Till soft relenting,
 And kind consenting,
 Ease the raging pain
 I feel from her disdain.
 Come, God of Love, assert thy sway,
 And make the fair thy laws obey:
 O cruel maid, &c.

By

By Mr. Tenducci, at Ranelagh Gardens.

VENUS, queen of tender passions,
Soft disposer of the heart;
All thy amorous inclinations,
To my Chloe's breast impart.
Venus, &c.

Like the glitt'ring snake extended,
On a fragrant bank of flow'rs,
In my Chloe's breast are blended
Scorn and beauty's fatal pow'rs.
Venus, &c.

Turn, ah! Chloe, turn and hear;
Pity wretched Damon's woe;
Alas, what human heart can bear
The force of scorn and beauty too!
Venus, &c.

By Mr. Tenducci, at Ranelagh Gardens.

INDEED, my dear, in vain you strive
To keep a ling'ring flame alive;
And tho' you fret, and vex, and teaze,
No longer can your beauties please.
Why do you sigh, and think it strange,
That I should rove, that I should range?
Observe all Nature's work, you'll see
They justify inconstancy.

The sun and moon alternate rise,
The stars do wander in the skies;

The

The earth doth all her bounties bear
From seasons varying thro' the year.

Then since 'tis Nature's law to change,
'Tis Constancy, alone, is strange ;
And why, my dear, should I pretend
Great Nature's statutes to amend ?

By Mr. Mattocks and Miss Brent in Thomas
and Sally.

'SQUIRE.

WELL met, pretty maid ;
Nay, don't be afraid ;
I mean you no mischief, I vow ;
Pshaw ! what is't you ail ?
Come, give me your pail,
And I'll carry it up to your cow.

SALLY.

Pray let it alone,
I've hands of own,
Nor Need your's to help me — Forbear !
How can you persist !
I won't, Sir, be kist,
Nor teaz'd thus — Go trifle elsewhere.

'SQUIRE.

In yon lovely grove,
I saw an alcove,
All round the sweet violet springs ;

And

And there was a thrush,
Hard by in a bush,
'Twould charm you to hear how he sings.

SALLY.

But hark ! pr'ythee hark !
Look yonder's a lark !
It warbles and pleases me so,
To hear the soft tale,
O' th' sweet nightingale,
I wou'd not be tempted to go.

'SQUIRE.

Then here we'll sit down :
Come, come, never frown !
No longer my blifs I'll retard !
Kind Venus shall spread
Her veil over our head,
And the little rogue Cupid keep guard.

A DRINKING SONG.

(Tune, Says Plato, why should Man be Vain.)

FILL fill the bowl with sparkling wine,
The joyous rich repast prepare ;
Drink, drink, my friends, and ne'er repine,
Of fortune's frowns let others share :
Those she exalts are but her sport,
The play-things of her fickle mind ;
And those who most her favours court,
Are in her gifts the most behind.

Then

Then unconcern'd, let life glide on,
 Let mirth employ the social hour,
 For e'er to-morrow's rising sun,
 The fates may snatch it from our pow'r.
 Drink on, and push the glasses round,
 Let hope to-day prevent despair;
 Let mirth, and joy, and wine abound,
 To-morrow is not worth our care.

ODE to M A Y. Sung at Ranelagh.

FAIREST daughter of the day,
 Lovely goddess, sprightly May;
 Hither come with roses crown'd,
 Painting where you tread the ground,
 At the lov'd approach of thee,
 Shoots the mulb'ry, luscious tree;
 Vines their tender leaves unfold,
 Nor the fig-tree dreads the cold.
 Nymph divine, behold the flow'rs
 Rise to grace thy vernal show'rs;
 Woodbines spangled o'er with dew,
 Deck their arborets for you;
 Tulips rear their glitt'ring heads,
 Pinks adorn their fragrant beds:
 And the silver lillies swell,
 And the golden asphodel.
 Goddess with thy vest of green.
 Goddess with thy youthful mien;
 Come and bring thy mines of wealth,
 Gladness and her parent health.

K

Bring

Bring along thy virgin train,
Chafe away grim care and pain.
Now the loves and graces all,
Throng obedient to thy call.

PLATO'S ADVICE.

SAYS Plato, why should men be vain !
Since bounteous heav'n has made him
great ;

Why looketh he with insolent disdain,
On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
Can costly robes or beds of down,
And all the gems that deck the fair;
Can all the glories of a crown,
Give health or ease the brow of care?

The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
The humble and the haughty die ;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust without distinction lie.
Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles wore ;
Their wealth and glory is bereft,
And all their honour is no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
And spreads along a gilded train,
When shot, 'tis gone ; its beauty dies,
Dissolves to common air again.

So

So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,
 Let friendship reign while here we stay ;
 Lets crown our joy with flowing bowls,
 When Jove he calls we must away.

M Y R T I L L A.

YE chearful virgins, have ye seen
 My fair Myrtilla pass the green,
 To rose or jess'mine bow'r ?
 To rose, &c.

Where does she seek the woodbine shade ?
 For sure ye know the blooming maid,
 Sweet as the May-born flow'r.
 Sweet as the May-born flow'r.
 Sweet, sweet as the May-born flow'r.

Her cheeks is like the maiden rose
 Join'd with the lilly as it blows,
 Where each in sweetness vie.
 Like dew drops glist'ning in the morn,
 When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,
 Health sparkles in her eye.

Her song is like the linnet's lay,
 That warbles chearful on the spray,
 To hail the vernal beam.

Her heart is blither than her song,
 Her passions gently move along,
 Like the smooth gliding stream.

By Miss Brent, in the Jovial Crew.

NO woman her envy can smother,
 Tho' never so vain of her charms ;
 If a beauty she spies in another,
 The pride of her heart it alarms,
 New conquests she still must be making,
 Or fancy's her power grow less ;
 Her poor little heart is still aching,
 At sight of another's success.
 But nature design'd,
 In love to mankind,
 That different beauties should move,
 Still pleas'd to ordain,
 None ever should reign,
 Sole monarch in empire or love.
 Then learn to be wise,
 New triumphs despise,
 And leave to your neighbours their due,
 If one cannot please,
 You'll find by degrees,
 You'll not be contented with two.

A C A N T A T A,

By Mr. Lowe, at Marybone Gardens.

RECITATIVE.

AWAK'D by the horn, like the spring
 deck'd in green,
 Betimes in the morning the hunters are seen,
 With joy on each brow they enliven the place,
 And impatiently wait for to join in the chace.

AIR.

AIR.

From his close covert rous'd, the stag swiftly flies,
As the arrow that's shot from the bow.
O'er rivers and mountains, all danger defies,
And fears nothing but man his worst foe.
From his close, &c.

Now they trace him thro' the copse,
Panting, struggling, see he drops.
Hark! hark! rude clamours rend the trees
While the dappled victim dies, he dies.
While the dappled, &c.

Thus Britain's sons in Harry's reign
Pursu'd the trembling Gaul,
Thro' streams of blood, o'er hills of slain,
And triumph'd in his fall.

Now hostile foes alarm,
Arm arm Britannia arm.
Then away, 'tis great George gives the word;
Quit the horn for the trumpet, the whip for the
sword.
Quit, &c.

Like our valiant forefathers, stern death let us
face,
Be as glorious in war as we are in chace.
Be as glorious, &c.

By Mrs. Lampe, at Marybone-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Charles Lampe.

COME then, come, ye sportive swains ;
Hither, jocund nymphs, advance :
O'er the smooth enamell'd green,
Lead along the rustic dance.
Come, your grateful tributes pay,
Hail the rosy morn of May.

Now again the rising year
Calls us forth to mirth and joy ;
Pining grief, nor fordid care,
Shall our festive rites annoy.
Swell then, swell the chearful lay,
Hail the rosy morn of May.

The S E A S O N of L O V E.

By Mrs. Lampe, at Marybone-Gardens, and
by Mr. Dearle, at the Grotto-Garden.

Set by Mr. Lampe.

BRIGHT Sol is return'd, the winter is o'er,
His all-cheering beams do nature restore ;
The cowslip and daisy, the vi'let and rose,
Each garden, each orchard, does fragrance dis-
close ;
The birds chearful notes are heard in each grove,
All nature confesses the Season of Love.

The

The nymphs and the shepherds come tripping
amain,

All hasten to join in the sports of the plain ;
Our rural diversions are free from all guile,
The face that is honest securely can smile ;
The heart that's sincere in affection, may prove
All nature's force the Season of Love.

O come then, Philander, with Sylvia away,
Our friends that expect us accuse our delay ;
Let's haste to the village, the sports to begin ;
I'll strive, for my shepherd, the garland to win.
But see his approach, whom my heart does ap-
prove,
Who makes ev'ry hour the Season of Love.

By Mr. Mattocks, in Artaxerxes.

WHEN real joy we miss,
'Tis some degree of bliss,
To reap ideal pleasure,
And dream of hidden treasure.

The soldier dreams of wars,
And conquers without scars ;
The sailor in his sleep
With safety ploughs the deep.

So I, thro' fancy's aid,
Enjoy my heav'nly maid,
And, blest with thee and love,
Am greater far than Jove.

The

The R E C A N T A T I O N.

A favourite CANTATA. Sung by Miss Brent,
at Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne.

RECITATIVE.

THE kind appointment Cælia made,
And nam'd the myrtle bow'r ;
There, fretting, long poor Damon stay'd
Beyond the promis'd hour :
No longer able to contain
This anxious expectation,
With rage he sought t'allay his pain,
And vented thus his passion.

A I R.

To all the sex deceitful
A long and last adieu,
Since women prove ungrateful
As long as men prove true.
The pains they give are many,
And, Oh! too hard to bear;
The joys they give—if any,
Few, short, and insincere.

RECITATIVE.

Now Cælia, from Mamma got loose,
Had reach'd the calm retreat ;
With modest blush she begg'd excuse,
And chid her tardy feet.

The shepherd, from each doubt releas'd,
His joy could not restrain,
But, as each tender thought increas'd,
Thus chang'd his railing strain.

A I R.

A I R.

How engaging, how endearing,
 Is a lover's pain and care!
 And what joy the nymph's appearing
 After absence or despair!
 Women wise increase desiring
 By contriving kind delays;
 And, advancing or retiring,
 All they mean is—more to please.

By Mr. Beard. Set by Mr. Howard.
 The Words by Paul Whitehead, Esq; Poet-
 Laureat.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN Bacchus, jolly god, invites
 To revel in his ev'ning rites,
 In vain his altar I surround,
 Tho' with Burgundian incense crown'd:
 No charms has wine without the lass;
 'Tis love gives relish to the glass.

A I R.

While all around, with jocund glee,
 In brimmers toast their fav'rite me,
 Tho' ev'ry nymph my lips proclaim,
 My heart still whispers Chloe's name:
 And thus with me, by am'rous stealth,
 Still ev'ry glass is Chloe's health.

By

By Mr. Tenducci, at Ranelagh.

Set by Signor Giardini.

NOT on beauty's transient pleasure,
Which no real joys impart,
Nor on heaps of fordid treasure,
Did I fix my youthful heart.

'Twas not Chloe's perfect feature,
Did the fickle wand'rer bind ;
Nor her form, the boast of nature ;
'Twas alone her spotless mind.

Not on beauty's transient pleasure,
Which no real joys impart,
Nor on heaps of fordid treasure,
Did I fix my youthful heart.

Take, ye swains, the real blessing,
That will joys for life ensure ;
The virtuous mind alone possessing,
Will your lasting bliss secure.

Not on beauty's transient pleasure,
Which no real joys impart,
Nor on heaps of fordid treasure,
Did I fix my youthful heart.

By Mr. Lowe, at Marybone-Gardens.

The Words by Mr. Lockman.

'GAINST the destructive wiles of man,
Your hearts, ye fair ones, guard ;
Their only study's to trepan,
And play a trickster's card :

With

With strange delight poor women they flight,
Amuse, cajole, belie :
Hence, girls ! beware—look sharp—take care ;
For men are wond'rous fly.

That Proteus man, like him of old,
A thousand forms will take ;
His venal soul is all for gold,
A crocodile, or snake.
See his dire thread ! this spider spread
To catch the female fly ;
Hence, girls ! beware—look sharp—take care ;
For men are wond'rous fly.

A porcupine with rage inspir'd,
At nymphs he darts his quills ;
A basilisk by frenzy fir'd,
His glance by poison kills :
With fraudulent arts he steals their hearts,
Then throws the baubles by :
Hence, girls ! beware—look sharp—take care ;
For men are wond'rous fly.

Was the whole race of men to meet
In one wide-spreading plain,
Of constancy, of faith, to treat,
And virtue's spotless train ;
To find a youth renown'd for truth,
Whole ages we might try :
Hence, girls ! beware—look sharp—take care ;
For men are wond'rous fly.

The

The BRIDAL DAY; a CANTATA.

By Miss Smith, at Marybone-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Yates.

RECITATIVE.

YE swains, who reap the ripen'd corn,
And with soft music hail the morn,
Your sickles lay aside :
Hence, labour's pressive hand, away ;
In rural pastime spend the day,
To charm the new-made bride.

A I R.

With roses deck the jess'mine bow'rs ;
Bestrew the verdant mead with flow'rs,
That Phœbe pass along ;
Hark, hark ! the feather'd race, on wing,
To love's soft impulse warbling sing
Their soft melodious song.

RECITATIVE.

Then fill, ye swains, the rural reed ;
Let art with nature vie ;
Nor let the shrill ton'd lark impede
Your partial harmony.

A I R.

Whilst blith as May morning,
When nature looks charming,
The damsels shall dance on the green,
'Tis with beauty replete,
The fair Phœbe we greet,
And hail her our pastoral queen.

By

By Mrs. Vincent, at Vauxhall, and by Miss
Plenius, at Marybone-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Yates.

YOUNG Strephon, the artless, the danger-
ous swain,

My love and esteem has attempted to gain ;
With the same wicked arts he so oft had betray'd,
He thought to seduce one more innocent maid ;
But appris'd of his pow'r, of my weakness
aware,

I baffled his scheme, and avoided the snare ;
For virtue I love, and was taught in my dawn,
When I gather'd a rose, to beware of the thorn.

His tears I neglected, his oaths I despis'd ;
For his heart by those tears, by those oaths, he
disguis'd :

What presents he brought me I chose to decline,
(The prodigal bounty of art and design :)
He coax'd, and he flatter'd, but flatter'd in vain,

And practis'd each art, on my weakness to gain ;
Protected by prudence, I laugh'd him to scorn ;
Tho' I fancy'd the rose, yet I dreaded the thorn.

He wantonly boasted what nymphs he had won,
What credulous beauties his arts had undone ;
He swore that his faith should inviolate be,
That his heart and those fair ones were victims
to me :

I told him those victims, and faith, I'd despise,
And from such examples would learn to be wise :

L

That

That I never wou'd prostitute virtue to scorn,
Or smell at a rose, to be hurt by the thorn.

Was the perjur'd betrayer aham'd of his guilt;
Was his passion on virtue, not wantonness,
built ;

Was his heart as sincere as his oaths are profane,
I could fancy (I own I could fancy) the swain:
But experience has taught me 'tis dang'rous
to trust,

And folly to think he can ever be just ;
So I'll stifle my flame, and reject him with scorn,
Lest I grasp at the rose, and be hurt by the
thorn.

C A N T A T A. By Mr. Stanley.

A I R.

WHILE others barter ease for state,
And fondly aim at growing great,
Let me, (with rosy chaplets crown'd,)
Stretch'd on the flow'r-enamell'd ground,
The grape's nectareous juices quaff,
Alternate sing, and love, and laugh.
Already see the purple juice
Resplendent o'er my cheek diffuse
A second youth! — Again, the bowl
With warm desires inflames my soul.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Quickly, ah quickly! must I leave
The joys which wine and beauty give ;

Soon

Soon must I quit my wonted mirth,
 And mingle with my parent earth,
 Where kings, divested of their state,
 With slaves sustain a common fate.

A I R.

Let then the present hour be mine,
 Blest in the joys of love and wine:
 Come, ye virgin throng, advance,
 And mingle in the sprightly dance:
 To the lyre's enchanting sound
 Nimble tread the blithsome round;
 While the genial bowl inspires
 Soft delight and gay desires.

By Mr. Beard, in the Jovial Crew.

I Made love to Kate,
 Long I sigh'd for she,
 Till I heard of late,
 She'd a mind for me:
 I met her on the green,
 In her best array;
 So pretty she did seem,
 She stole my heart away.
 Oh! then we kiss'd and press'd; were we much
 to blame?
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done
 the same.

L 2

As

As I fonder grew,
 She began to prate,
 Quoth she—I'll marry you,
 And you shall marry Kate;
 But then I laugh'd, and swore,
 I lov'd her more than so;
 Ty'd each to a rope's end
 Is tugging to and fro.
 Again we kiss'd and press'd; were we much to
 blame?
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done
 the same.
 Then she sigh'd, and said,
 She was wond'rous sick,
 Dicky Katy led,
 Katy she led Dick:
 Long we toy'd and play'd
 Under yonder oak,
 Katy lost the game,
 Tho' she play'd in joke;
 For there we did, alas! what I dare not name;
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
 same.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Baildon.

HARK! the birds begin their lay,
 Flowrets deck the robe of May:
 See the little lambkins bound,
 Playful, o'er the clover-ground;

While

While the heifers sportive low,
Where the yellow cowslips blow ;
While the heifers sportive low,
Where the yellow cowslips blow.

Now the nymphs and swains advance
O'er the lawn in perfect dance ;
Garlands from the hawthorn bough
Grace the happy shepherd's brow ;
While the lasses, in array,
Wait upon the queen of May ;
While the, &c.

Innocence, content and love,
Fill the meadows and the grove ;
Mirth, that never wears a frown,
Health, with sweetness all her own ;
Labour puts on Pleasure's smile,
And pale Care forgets his toil ;
Labour puts, &c.

Ah ! what pleasures shepherds know !
Monarchs cannot such bestow ;
Love improves each happy hour,
Grandeur has not such in store.
Learn, ambition, learn from hence,
Happiness is innocence ;
Learn, ambition, learn from hence,
Happiness is innocence.

LOVE and CONSTANCY.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne,

LONG time my heart had rov'd,
Inconstant as the wind ;
Each girl I saw, I swore I lov'd,

'Till one my heart confin'd,
 'Till one my heart confin'd,
 The maid was blithe, was young and fair,
 From affectation free ;
 The maid was blithe, was young and fair,
 From affectation free :
 No imperfection did appear,
 While she look'd kind on me ;
 No imperfection did appear,
 While she look'd on me.
 When her my pain I told,
 And all my grief confess'd,
 The insolence of female pride
 Her cold disdain exprefs'd,
 Her cold, &c.
 The beauty I esteem'd before,
 Appear'd deformity ;
 The beauty, &c.
 Each charm I thought a charm no more,
 She was unkind to me :
 Each charm, &c.
 Forbear, fond youth, no more
 The sex's weakness scan ;
 'Twas not inconstancy, or pride,
 But trial of the man,
 But trial of the man :
 When time had prov'd my flame sincere,
 She own'd the same to me,
 When time, &c.
 Not love alone can win the fair,
 But love and constancy :
 Not love, &c.

CYMON and IPHIGENIA. A Cantata.

Sung by Mr. Beard. Set by Dr. Arne.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring shade
Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,
A crystal stream with gentle murmurs flows,
Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose :
Thither retir'd from Phœbus sultry ray,
And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.

Cymon a clown, who never dreamt of love,
By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring grove ;

He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought :
But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
He gap'd—he star'd—her lovely form survey'd ;
And while with artless voice he sweetly sung,
Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue.

A I R.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,
Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,
Completes the rural scene,
Completes the rural scene ;
But in thy bosom, charming maid,
All heav'n itself is sure display'd,
Too lovely Iphigene,
Too lovely Iphigene.

RECITA-

RECITATIVE.

She wakes, and starts — poor Cymon trembling
stands ;

Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands :
Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear ;
Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.
Half-rais'd, with gentle accent, she replies,
Oh, Cymon ! if it is you I need not rise ;
Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain :
Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
The clown, transported, was not silent long,
But thus with extacy pursu'd his song :

AIR.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,
In wanton ringlets, down thy neck ;
Thy love-inspiring mien,
Thy love-inspiring mien ;
Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
And taper shape, inchant me so,
I die for Iphigene,
I die for Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence
The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense :
She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and strait,
And thinks he might improve his auk'ard gate ;
Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend.
Thus mighty love cou'd teach a clown to plead ;
And nature's language surest will succeed.

AIR.

A I R.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire ;
 Love can rage itself controul,
 And elevate, and elevate the human soul :
 Depriv'd of that, our wretched state
 Had made our lives of too long date ;
 But blest with beauty, and with love,
 Blest with beauty and with love,
 We taste what angels do above.
 What angels do above.

DUET. By Mr. Beard and Miss Young.

WHEN Phoebus the tops of the hills does
 adorn,
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn !
 When the antling stag is rouz'd with the sound,
 Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain :
 But still we pursue, and now come in view of
 the glorious game.

O see how again he rears up his head,
 And winged with fear, he redoubles his speed :
 But, oh ! 'tis in vain that he flies,
 That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose
 the cries :
 For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,
 And he pants till with well-scented hounds sur-
 rounded he dies.

By

By Mr. Champnes, in the Entertainment of
Arcadia. Set by Mr. Battishill.

A Fond father's bliss is to number his race,
And exult on the bloom that just buds on
their face ;
With their prattle he'll daily himself entertain,
And read in their smiles their lov'd mother
again.
Men of pleasures, be mute ; this is life's lovely
view ;
When we look on our young ones, our youth
we renew.

Thus loving we live, and thus loving enjoy ;
No deceit here distracts, no debauches destroy ;
From the May-morn of youth to winter's white
age,
Hand in hand with contentment we sing thro'
life's stage ;
And when death bids us stop, we end easy our
song,
Then give the gods thanks that we've liv'd well
so long.

LOVE REWARDED.

WITH Phœbus I often arose,
To feast on the charms of the spring,
The fragrance to smell of the rose,
Or listen to hear the birds sing :

When

When linnets exalted their strains,
 The music enchanted my ear;
 My eyes too were bless'd on the plains
 With various sweet blooms of the year.

When Chloe shone smiling so gay,
 I there fix'd the scene of delight;
 My thoughts she engross'd all the day,
 I saw her in dreams all the night:
 Still musing on Chloe I walk'd,
 My harvest no more in my thought:
 Of nothing but Chloe I talk'd;
 Her smiles were the harvest I sought.

No longer the warblers could please;
 No longer the roses look'd gay;
 For music, and sweetness, and ease,
 Were lost, if my love was away:
 I tun'd to her beauties my lays,
 I study'd each art that could move;
 She took the kind tribute of praise,
 And paid it with fondness and love.

The Words by Mr. Gay. New set by Mr. Jackson.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring,
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd:
 Wide o'er the foaming billows
 She cast a wishful look;

Her

Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

A I R.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days,
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou troubled ocean,
And let my lover rest;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion,
To that within my breast?
The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Views tempests with despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To the losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and di'monds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.
How can they say that Nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then, beneath the water,
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes those rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.
Thus melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear,
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear:

When

When o'er the white waves stooping,
 His floating corpse she 'spy'd ;
 Then like a lily drooping.
 She bow'd her head—and dy'd.

By Mr. Beard, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. Arne.

FROM plowing the ocean, and threshing
 mounseer,

In Old England we're landed once more ;
 Your hands, my brave comrades, halloo, boys,
 what cheer

For a sailor that's just come ashore ?
 Those hectoring blades thought to scare us, no
 doubt,

And to cut us and slash us—Morblien !
 But hold there—avaft—they were plaguily out ;
 We have slic'd them, and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own conse-
 quence know,

Yon invaders shall soon do you right ;
 The Lion may rouse, when he hears the cock
 crow,

But should never be put in a fright.
 You've now laid aside your nonsensical jars,
 Your damn'd party and idle contest ;
 Then let all your strife be, like us honest tars,
 Who shall fight for his country the best.

M

A

A sea-faring spark, if the maids can affect,
 Bid the simpering gypsies look to't ;
 Sound bottoms they'll find us in ev'ry respect,
 And our pockets well laden to boot.
 The landsmen, mayhap, in the way of discourse,
 Have more art to persuade and the like ;
 But 'ware those false colours, for better for
 worse,
 Is the bargain we're willing to strike.
 Now long live the king, may he prosperous
 reign,
 Of no power, no faction afraid ;
 May Britain's proud flag still exult o'er the main,
 At all points of the compass display'd.
 No quicksands endanger, no storms overwhelm,
 Steady, steady, and safe may she sail ;
 No ignorant pilots e'er sit at her helm,
 Or her anchor of liberty fail.

A HUNTING SONG.

By Mr. Andrews, at Sadler's-Wells.

RECITATIVE.

THE whistling plowman hails the blushing
 dawn,
 The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note ;
 Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding
 groves,
 And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

A I R.

A I R.

Away to the copse, to the copse laid away,
 And now my boys throw off the hounds,
 I'll warrant he shews us, he shews us some play,
 See yonder he skulks thro' the grounds,
 See yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.

Then spur your brisk courfers, smoke 'em my
 bloods,

'Tis a delicate scent lying morn ;
 What concert is equal to those of the woods,
 Betwixt echo the hounds and the horn,
 The hounds and the horn,
 The hounds and the horn,
 The hounds and the horn,
 Betwixt echo the hounds and the horn.

Each earth see he tries at in vain,
 The cover no safer can find ;
 So he breaks it and scowers amain,
 And leaves us at distance behind.

O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
 All hazard and danger we scorn ;
 Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die,
 Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps through the dale,
 All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue ;
 His speed can no longer prevail,
 Nor his life, can his cunning prolong.

From our staunch and fleet pack, 'twas in vain
 that he fled,
 See his brush falls bemir'd forlorn ;
 The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
 And shout to the found of the horn.

By Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.

WHERE shall Delia fly for shelter ?
 In what secret grove or cave ?
 Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her,
 From the young, the gay, the brave.
 Tho' with prudish airs she starch her,
 Still she longs, and still she burns :
 Cupid shoots like Hayman's archer,
 Wherefoe'er the damsel turns.

Virtue, youth, good sense, and beauty,
 (If discretion guide us not)
 Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,
 Sometimes are the booby's lot :
 Now they're purchas'd by the trader,
 Now commanded by the peer,
 Now some subtle mean invader
 Wins the heart, or gains the ear.

O discretion ! thou'rt a jewel,
 Or our grand-mamas mistake,
 Stinting flame by bating rowel,
 Always careful and awake.

Would

Would you keep your pearls from trampiers,
Weigh the licence, weigh the banns :
Mark my song upon your samplers,
Wear it on your knots and fans.

S O M E T H I N G N E W.

By Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.

IN all mankind's promiscuous race,
The sons of error urge their chace,
The wond'rous to pursue ;
And, both in country and in town,
The curious courtier, cit and clown,
Solicit Something New.

The poets still from nature take,
And what is ready-made they make ;
Historians must be true :
How therefore shall we find a road,
Thro' dissertation, song, or ode,
To give you Something New ?

They say virginity is scarce
As any thing in prose or verse,
And so is honour too :
The papers of the day imply
No more than that we live and die,
And pay for Something New.

We see a-like the woeful dearth
In melancholy, or in mirth ;

What then shall ladies do ?
Seek virtue as th'immortal prize ;
In fine, be honest, and be wise,
For that is Something New.

The I D E S of M A Y.

By Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.

THE prospect clear'd, around is heard
The music of the hive ;
The blossoms blow, the spirits flow,
And nature's all alive :
In ev'ry grove the work is love,
The word is, " Sing and play ;"
From eve to morn the sages warn,
" Ye maids, beware of May !"

Each lively scheme, each am'rous theme,
Our nymphs and poets chuse ;
The dance delights, the song invites,
As mirth provokes the muse :
The war's no more, our chiefs come o'er ;
Again the grave ones say,
" Where'er ye tread, temptation's spread ;
" Beware the Ides of May !"

A Pastoral Dialogue. Sung at Vauxhall.

He. **H**ASTE, hafte, Phillis, hafte, 'tis the
first of the May!

Hark, the goldfinches sing, to the wood
let's away;

We'll pluck the pale primrose; nay, start
not my dear,

I've something to whisper alone in your ear,
I've something to whisper alone in your ear.

She. Excuse me, fond swain, it has often been
said,

The wood is unsafe for a maiden to tread;
And a wither'd old gypsey, one day I espy'd,
Bid me shun the thick wood, and said some-
thing beside,

Bid me shun, &c.

He. 'Tis all a mere fable; there's nothing
fright;

There's music all day, and no spectres at
night:

No creature but Cupid, believe me, is there,
And Cupid's an urchin you surely can't fear,
And Cupid's, &c.

She. For all I could say, when arriv'd at the
wood,

Who knows your design? you may dare to
be rude:

So

So I bid you farewell, and confess I'm afraid,
 Left Cupid and you be too hard for a maid,
 Left Cupid, &c.

He. His dictates you wisely at once should ap-
 prove,
 For pray what is life? it is pain without
 love :
 Think how youth, like the rose, tho' un-
 gather'd, will fade ;
 Then quickly comply, lest you die an old
 maid,
 Then quickly, &c.

She. By language as artful young Daphne was
 won ;
 Thus courted, she yielded, was trick'd, and
 undone ;
 And rather than trust the fine things you
 have said,
 Let my beauty decay, and I'll die an old
 maid,
 Let my beauty, &c.

He. Believe not I'm faithless and false as the wind ;
 I'll be true as the turtle, as fond, and as
 kind ;
 Will lead you to pleasure untasted before,
 And make you a bride ; can a mortal do
 more ?
 And make you, &c.

She.

She. Then at once I'll comply, for I cannot
 say no ;
 To-morrow to church with my shepherd
 I'll go ;
 To the wood next, tho' Cupid so talk'd of
 be there,
 With joy I'll away, and adieu to all fear,
 With joy, &c.

Both. Ye nymphs, to the woods never venture
 to go ;
 'Till the priest join your hands, you must
 answer, No no :
 Ye swains, should your fair ones be deaf to
 you still,
 You must wear the soft chain ; then they'll
 go where you will.
 You must wear the soft chain ; then they'll
 go where you will.

CANTATA. By Mrs. Scott, at Ranelagh.
 Set by Mr. Stanley.

RECITATIVE.

AS Delia, blest with e'ery grace,
 Invok'd soft music's needle's aid,
 Completely conquer'd by her face,
 Thus gentle Strephon smiling said :

AIR.

Where partial nature may deny
 The pow'r of beauty's melting glance,
 Let tedious labour toil and try

To

To swell the song, or form the dance ;
 But let your charms alone suffice,
 And trust the music of your eyes.

RECITATIVE.

Damon who chanc'd to over-hear,
 Thus spoke as he approach'd more near :
 He flatters ; do not trust the swain,
 But listen to my honest strain.

AIR.

Wonders are told of beauty's pow'r,
 Nor faintly warms the tuneful lay ;
 Your voice and person ev'ry hour
 By dozens steal our hearts away :
 Then how trifling is the prize,
 Since fops have ears, and fools have eyes !
 Ah ! lovely nymph, indeed to bless,
 Select the worthiest swain you've won,
 Who, prizing sound and colour less,
 Admires you for your sense alone ;
 Then leave all little arts behind,
 And study to improve the mind.

By Miss Brent. The Words and Music by
 Dr. Arne.

NYMPHS and shepherds, come away,
 Wanton in the sweets of May ;
 Trip it o'er the flow'ry lawns,
 Wanton as the bounding fawns :
 Frolic, buxom, blithe, and gay,
 Nymphs and shepherds, come away.

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The true and original Form used in making a FREE MASON; with the Lectures, Oaths and Obligations, of each Degree.—The Sign Token, and Word, by the Observation of which a Person may gain Admittance into any Lodge, and pass for a FREE and ACCEPTED MASON, with many curious Observations and Remarks, worthy the Notice of Free Masons, and others.

By a PASS'D MASTER.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A NEW and COMPLETE LIST of the Regular and Constituted Lodges, &c.